

ANTI-TRUST MEASURE NEARS COMPLETION

MITTEES TODAY FOR AC-
CEPTANCE.

BILL IS TOO VAGUE

Washington, July 18.—The work of perfecting the anti-trust legislation

was going forward by the senate judiciary and interstate commerce committee today. While the progress was being made much yet remains to be done. Indications today were that several days more would be necessary to complete the measure.

Practical agreement was reached by the interstate commerce committee to recommend that section of the interstate trade commission bill now before the senate, which would make unlawful

That provision of the bill had met with criticism by republican and democrat senators because of its vagueness, the contention being that it was too general in its terms and that it would result in endless court action or interpretation.

The committee was today considering the question whether the interstate commerce commission should be empowered under the railroad securities bill to determine "substantially" whether a particular railroad is in competition with authority to stop it; the committee declared, however, that the bill would not be subject to court review as to fact and law.

The judiciary committee was finishing a proposed amendment to the section of the Clayton anti-trust bill relating to holding companies. It would make the provision stronger.

OFFICERS SENTENCED

Japanese Court is Impartial With
High Men in Deciding Fate
of Forgers.

Tokio, July 18.—More high officials of shipbuilding companies were sentenced today for forging documents and bribing Japanese naval officers to influence the allotment of construction contracts.

Kenyo Iwahara, former manager in New York of the Mitsui Product company, and retired Vice-Admiral Tsuruaro Matsumoto, were each sentenced to

two years' imprisonment, while Glichida, managing director of the Mitsui company, and Jotaro Yamamoto of the same concern, were sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment, each. The sentence of Iica was, however, suspended.

**ALLEGED FAMILY HEADS
CELEBRATE "DAD'S DAY"**

[SPECIAL TO THE GAZETTE.]
Seattle, Wash., July 18.—Poor hard working, much misunderstood, thoroughly downtrodden and altogether abused "Dad", like the proverbial roan, has turned and today hundreds of alleged heads of families from very northwestern city gathered here to celebrate the throwing off of marital shackles for at least twenty-four

After centuries of miserable existence wherein he has occupied an insignificant corner, while "Ma" has been heralded as the cornerstone of the nation and hope of the future, Dad has decided he should have a day. Dad's Day," was held in connection with the annual Tilikum Potlatch celebration, when the Pacific coast for three days each year joins Seattle

The protest against dishwashing, floor scrubbing, cradle rocking, bread making and all other domestic woes reaped upon husbands by tyrannical housewives, reached a climax when, headed by Governor Ernest Lister, and with Mayor Hi Gill and hundreds of other "Dads" in chains, wheeling wheelbarrowfuls of dirty dishes, scrubbers, cradles, rocking chairs, and performing other stunts, paraded

he streets in all their degradation.
The Potlatch will come to a close
tonight with dancing in the streets
in masquerade costume, amidst a gay
riot of confetti and fun.

TO PLACE CAILLAUX
INTO A NOTED CELL

Paris, July 18.—Madame Calliaux, wife of the former French premier, charged with murder of Calmet, will face trial Monday.

and minister of finance, will be taken tomorrow from the St. Lazare prison to the Conciergerie, adjoining the court of justice to await her trial beginning Monday, for killing Gaston Calmet, editor of the Sigaro. The prisoner will be lodged in the cell occupied in 1902 by Madame Therese Humbert, while on trial on charges of swindling the French public out of several millions of dollars.

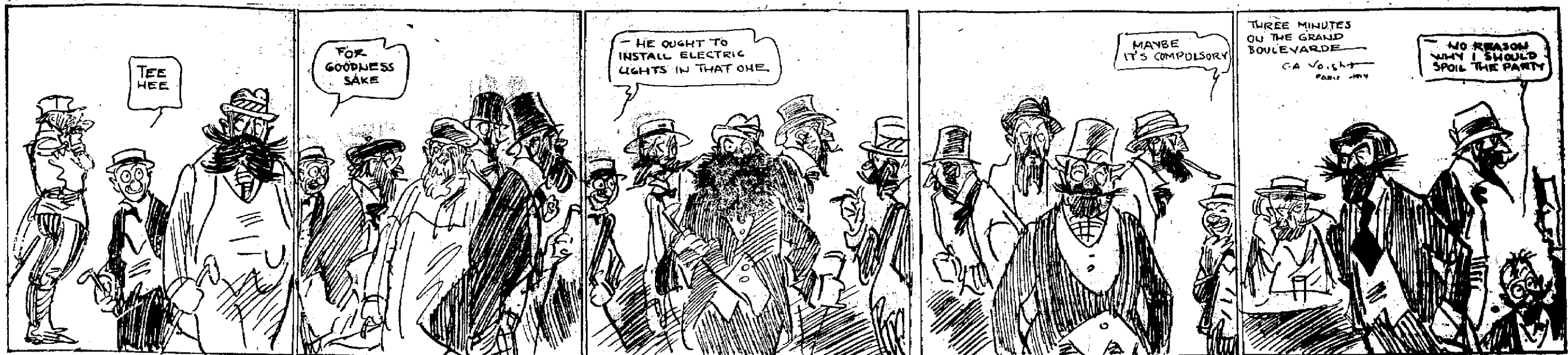
**CLEARING HOUSE RECEIPTS
SHOW DECIDED INCREASE**

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

New York, July 18.—The statement of the actual condition of clearing house, bank and trust companies for the week show that they hold \$22,111,750 reserve in excess of legal requirements. This

Oshkosh, July 18.—Two house boats and the cottage located on Lake Butte Des Morts, near the village of the same name, were burned last night. One of them belonged to J.

seph Nigel and the other to Frank Norkoski, both of this city. The sheriff of Winebago county went to Bate this morning to investigate the fires, both of which are believed to be of incendiary origin.



FUR BEARING ANIMALS; HABITAT, PARIS, FRANCE.

SPORTS

SET DATES FOR BIG ANNUAL YACHT RACES

Northwestern Regatta Association to Hold 1914 Events on Lake Mendota, August 3-8.

(SPECIAL TO THE GAZETTE.)

Madison, Wis., July 13.—The fastest yachts in the middle west are entered in the Northwestern Regatta association's races to be held on Lake Mendota, Madison, Aug. 3-8. Special trophies are at stake in each day's events in Classes A, B and D. The winning boat in each series will be awarded a championship cup, for its owner's permanent possession, while the large "Northwestern Trophy," valued at \$750, goes to the boat winning the championship in Class A. This cup is handed down from year to year and is now held by R. W. Oak of Chicago, whose "Geneva" won it at Delavan last year.

Entries have been received from Lake Geneva, Delavan, Oconomowoc and Pine Lake, and others are expected from Oshkosh and Pewaukee. Neenah may join the association this year. Many of the boats at the coming Madison regatta will also race in the meet of the Inland Lake Yacht association at White Bear Lake, Minnesota, Aug. 17-22. The White Bear club has dropped out of the Northwestern Regatta association.

Oshkosh and Oconomowoc yachtsmen will come to Madison with new Class A boats. Lake Geneva will have two new Class D's, and Madison two new Class A's and two new boats in Class D. Dr. Schmidt's "Santa" of Lake Geneva, winner of last year's inland regatta, will be here. Among the yachtsmen to sail are several wealthy Chicagoans, members of the Lake Geneva and Delavan clubs, including Elmer Stevens, manager of the large mercantile store founded by his father, Charles A. Stevens, and owner of "Wax Wing" of Delavan. A. Healey, of Lyon and Daley, master of Lake Geneva and Delavan, and Averill Tilden, son of Edward Tilden, the packer, representing Delavan, and Elmer Wieboldt, son of W. A. Wieboldt, proprietor of a Chicago department store, a Delavan yachtsman, and others.

Five hundred visitors are expected daily during the yachting week. Elaborate entertainment is planned by the Mendota Yacht club, the host. Banquets will be held at various clubs and dances at the golf club. Concerts will be given from a barge in the lake by the First Regiment band.

The B and D boats will hold one event each in the morning of each day, and the Class A races will be sailed in the afternoon.

Sport Snap Shots

The story is told in baseball circles of a kid outfielder in a southern league who was a bear at the bat. He was green all right, but he could hit anything. And then one day a large, rough southpaw pitcher came out and the boy in the hospital and in two weeks he was back and hitting at the same clip. But in less than a week he was bearded again and again he went to the hospital. Upon his return he seemed his old self, but the day soon came when another fast one clipped him on the dome. This was the third trip to the hospital. The manager was worried. The youngster seemed to be making a habit of it and the team couldn't afford to lose him so often. The kid's roommate came to the manager with a hunch. "Go around to the hospital and have a look at the kid. Maybe he's just staying there." The manager did and upon entering the ward saw the youngster sitting up in bed and gazing in a most enraptured way at the nurse attending him. "It was the only way I ever got a chance to see her," says the kid. The manager fixed it up so that his heavy hitter could call on the young lady in her home. And from that point on the youngster didn't stick his nut in front of a fast one that he might see his love.

Johnny Griffith, the Akron lightweight, has had an offer to make a trip to Australia for the neat sum of \$20,000. And Johnny will probably take it up. The experience to be gained, not to mention the sea air, will do the youngster a world of good. About the best they have holding forth at present in Australia is Young Shugrue. He has nothing in the way of fight goods that should alarm Griffith. He is every bit as hard a hitter as Johnny, but not so fast. Griffith would benefit greatly by the trip and his friends and supporters hope that he'll go through with it.

Ossie Schreckengost, the baseball star who died the other day, never was thoroughly himself after losing out in the big show. Many declare that he was by all means the greatest catcher the game has ever had. However that may be, it is the fact that he was one of the greatest. When Connie Mack let him go to the White Sox, Schreck was then losing heart, and when the Sox turned him over to the American Association he didn't try again. Once started on the slide he kept speeding and nothing could call him back.

Of course, it was too bad that if you are looking for help of any

WEEKLY RESUME OF THE TRACK GOSSIP

"Buck" Hunter Talks of the Various Tryouts at the Local Training Quarters.

(By C. E. (Buck) Hunter.)



The past ten days have brought about many changes at the fair grounds, and things are looking brighter every day. The horse and sheep pens are completed and in one or two days more will be ready to occupy a committee was in the country Thursday visiting the farmers, taking fair and all indications point to one grand success so far as the exhibits from the farmers' end of the fair go, for each one that was called upon expressed his willingness to have something show. The floral hall is being remodeled from top to bottom. The inside is being overhauled and will be painted up in nice shape. The agricultural hall is being repaired both inside and out, and when these two buildings are completed they will be a credit to any fair grounds in this or any other state.

The speed merchants have also been very busy for the past week. In these columns last week, a mention was made that the trainers had not been doing a great deal in the speed line lately, owing to the fact that the horses here in training would not start before August, consequently they have been going slow in order that none of the horses now in training would get knocked out before the races start.

Many fast miles were witnessed the past week, and from the way some of the horses that have been talked about on the streets and in the paddocks the "Aerial Chorus" will be able to retire in the Shamrock stables, Kimlin worked Botrait a mile in 2:20, going the last quarter in 32 seconds. This trotter looks and acts now at the present time like he could trot a mile in 2:15, and he is now doing so. He is still in the line lately, owing to the fact that the horses here in training would not start before August, consequently they have been going slow in order that none of the horses now in training would get knocked out before the races start.

Barbara was asked to step a mile in 2:22, the fastest up to the present time, with a final quarter in 33 seconds. Here is another trotter that will not be started until late, and maybe not at all, as this horse was ailing quite a lot when he first came to the track this spring, and he is still in the line lately, owing to the fact that the horses here in training would not start before August, consequently they have been going slow in order that none of the horses now in training would get knocked out before the races start.

Mable Fuller for the first time last Tuesday was asked to go a full mile, and she covered the route in 2:43, a very creditable mile for one of her age, as this filly will not be three years old until October, and her owner Joe Shively was here on the job when she did the mile and went home very well pleased. Charles McKerron, the infant trotter, went a very comfortable mile in 2:21 with the last half in 1:09.

In the pacing division of Kimlin's stable, French McKerron, better known as the Indian, worked a mile in 2:14. Addition 2:07, worked in the same notch. Starlight that has just been introduced to the sub-marine harness, worked a very easy mile in 2:20. While he is taking very kindly to the new attachments, it is quite likely he will be a very troublesome Wisconsin. Marie McKerron is fast learning to pace, while she has been a very peculiar filly to work, she has had a few notions of her own that has taken a lot of hard work to overcome, but if breeding counts for anything, this filly ought to fairly fly, as she is by John A. McKerron, 2:04 1/2, while her dam is by Tommy Britton, 2:06 1/2.

When the initial horse J. C. N. was worked Tuesday, to the surprise of many of the spectators, their calculations were upset quite a bit, for the little red horse, as he is called, worked one of the most surprising miles of the day, as several watches caught the mile in 2:14 to 2:14 1/2. For a cooling off out mile McGinnis stepped him over to half in 1:13, coming the last half in 1:07, the final quarter in 31 seconds.

A new horse was shipped to the Shamrock stable last Monday and as there was no reading matter came with him, little can be said until the owner comes over. W. N. Millard worked several pleasing miles with Fabrina for their owner, C. I. Hood of La Crosse, the most sensational mile for the trio was done by the three-year-old Fabrina, after several warming up miles, he was permitted to step a mile in 2:21, the fastest mile for a three-year-old in the state up to the present time.

Manilla Birchwood, 2:13 1/2, worked a mile in 2:12, coming the last quarter in 32 seconds, and up to this time this is the track record for workhorses.

William Holt worked Angus Azworthy for the first time asking him to step anything like he is capable of doing, and a mile for this four year old was done in 2:22, coming the last quarter in 1:10, and he seemed to have plenty of speed left at the finish. Frank Noicehek worked Alice Own several miles around 2:25 and for a breeder stepped over to the half in 1:14 and came home in 1:06, the last quarter in 21 1/2 seconds.

While at the track last Thursday there was a trotter that impressed me

time since I have seen one that has brought about a trotter like this one particular horse and while there should be no secret about it the horse is called Nash and has a record of 2:20 1/2. While Mr. McWillard has not trained an outside horse for a number of years he has been giving this son of Beckett a great deal of attention and as he was raced last year for educational purposes, making only ten starts, he was never outside of the money, finishing first four times and stumping himself as a horse with a lot of class.

Ralph Wanle win John Sheridan's three year old filly that has not been named yet, worked in company with Mable Kiser (Phil Sheridan up), several comfortable miles for a filly of her age. John thinks quite well of this filly and says when she gets so she can pace right fast he has a nice name picked out for her, and from present indications it will only be a short time until he will have to make the name known public.

"Wing" with William Kuhlow's Major K gave the grandstand plenty of amusement when he unbottled some of the reserve speed he has had on tap for so long. Inasmuch as "Wing" has had the Major only three weeks he is entitled to some credit for the manner he handles this trotter, as he has reduced his record fifteen seconds since he has had the horse in charge and on Friday worked him a mile in 2:38.

W. W. Briggs of Delavan, Wis., that brought out Six Cylinder Penn, 2:12 1/2, was a visitor at the track Friday, knowing this to be the usual work-out day, and as the rain the day before interfered with his work he could not resist the temptation of coming over and looking things over. Mr. Briggs has been so busy with his farming duties this spring he could not give the horses much attention, but says he still likes to read about them and watch them work when he has time.

VETS STILL HOLD OWN IN ATHLETICS



Many fast miles were witnessed the past week, and from the way some of the horses that have been talked about on the streets and in the paddocks the "Aerial Chorus" will be able to retire in the Shamrock stables, Kimlin worked Botrait a mile in 2:20, going the last quarter in 32 seconds. This trotter looks and acts now at the present time like he could trot a mile in 2:15, and he is now doing so. He is still in the line lately, owing to the fact that the horses here in training would not start before August, consequently they have been going slow in order that none of the horses now in training would get knocked out before the races start.

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MAY START PLAY FOR MORGAN CUP TUESDAY

Golfers Plan to Journey to Milwaukee Thursday to Play Blue Mound Country Club.

It is expected that Tuesday, the regular club day of the Sunnyside Golf Club, will mark the opening round for the Morgan cup. The games committee have not yet made up the pairings, but expect to have them ready by Monday. Thursday is the date set for the return game with the Blue Mound Country Club, in Milwaukee, and thus far it has not been decided whether the Janesville party will go to Milwaukee by train or automobile. The invitation is for twenty-five Janesville players, and the games committee is most anxious to hear from all who will take part in the contest.

The house committee announce the regular club day program for Tuesday. The ladies' bridge games in the afternoon, followed by the club supper and dance in the evening. Later the young ladies of the committee plan to produce several playlets on the club evenings as special features, and also have other novel plans for the enjoyment of the guests of the evening.

Philosophy of One Bereaved. "Muh po, conflicted brudder," solemnly said good old Parson Bagster, "yo should 'member dat de Lawd giveth and de Lawd taketh away; blessed be de name o' de Lawd." "Uh-well, sah," replied bereaved Brother Bollikee, who had just lost his fourth helpmeet, "whilst it's a fact dat de Lawd takes muh wives away, I sho' has to hustle, muusef, to git 'em in de fast place."—Kansas City Star.

AMUSEMENTS

THE APOLLO. For Monday only the Apollo announces an extravaganza in motion pictures, "A Day of Days," featuring Cyril Scott and a selected cast of Famous Players. The settings in this play are said to be most magnificent. The present vaudeville bill will continue until Sunday night. It is a bill that appeals to all. There is a high class singing trio and a comedy skit in which the audience is used to work up part of the comedy. One act pleases some while another pleases a different class. A third act pleases others.

HEADS FOREIGN TRADE COUNCIL



James A. Farrell.

James A. Farrell, president of the United States Steel Corporation, has just been selected chairman of the National Foreign Trade Council of thirty prominent business men chosen by the several hundred delegates who attended the National Foreign Trade convention held in Washington in May. The basic principle of the association is "greater prosperity through greater foreign trade." The plan of the organization is to study all the elements of overseas commerce and to encourage every practical and sound policy designed to obtain for the American business man his share of the trade in the world's markets.

Judge Not. Men have commonly more pleasure in the criticism which hurts than in that which is innocuous, and are more tolerant of the severity which breaks hearts than of that which falls importantly on the grave.—Ruskin.

Stops Neuralgia—Kills Pain Sloan's Liniment gives instant relief from Neuralgia or Sciatica. It goes straight to the painful part—Soothes the Nerves and Stops the Pain. It is also good for Rheumatism, Sore Throat, Chest Pains and Sprains. You don't need to rub it penetrates. Mr. J. R. Swinger, Louisville, Ky. writes: "I suffered with quite a severe Neuralgia Headache for four months without any relief. I used Sloan's Liniment for two or three nights and I haven't suffered with my head since." Get a bottle today. Keep in the house all the time. You need all sorts. 25c, 50c, and \$1.00 at your Druggist. Bucklen's Arnica Salve for all Sores.

Best Quality Bicycles At Premo Brothers

We make our selections from the best makers, regardless of high or low price. Nothing but the best wheels will be sold from this store. When you buy a wheel here you have our personal assurance that it's the best your money will buy for you anywhere. Buy that son of yours a wheel to use during his vacation and it will keep him out of mischief.

PREMO BROS. Hardware & Sporting Goods. 21 N. Main St.

THE company back of the car is an important factor in determining automobile value.

The Paige-Detroit Motor Car Company has no bonded or other indebtedness on which interest has to be paid—no excessive capitalization on which it has to earn dividends—no heavy overhead expense of any kind—

The price of a Paige car represents actual car value simply because the company back of it is sound financially.

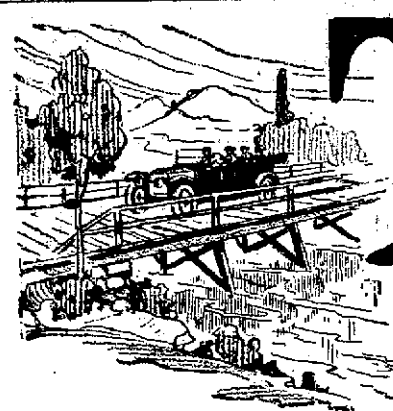
When you buy the Paige you pay only for the car.

That is why it is possible to include in the Paige so many structural features usually found only in cars of much higher price—

Investigate these facts for yourself.

Then get your name on an order blank as quickly as you can—The Paige is going to be oversold again this year.

The Paige-Detroit Motor Car Co., Detroit, Mich. A. A. RUSSELL & CO. PAIGE DISTRIBUTORS. 27-29 S. Bluff St. Janesville, Wis.



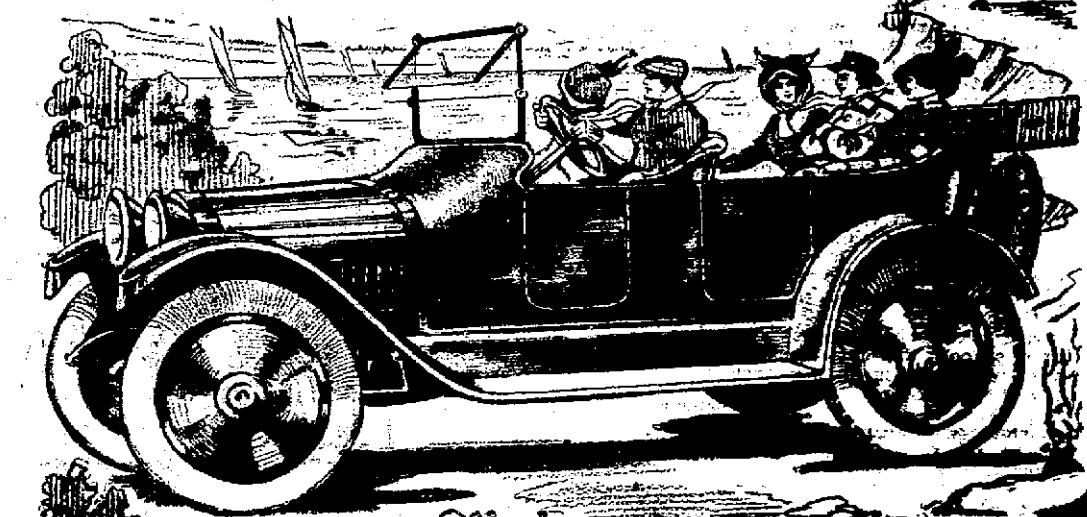
PAIGE

Model Glenwood '38'—Gray & Davis large unit Electric lighting and starting system—\$1275. Model Brunswick '25' 5-passenger Electric lighting and starting—\$975.

Top to bottom, Christy Mathewson, Hans Wagner and Barney Oldfield.

This is not altogether the age of the young man, as is shown by the records of Hans Wagner, Nap Lajoie and Christy Mathewson in baseball. Barney Oldfield, the racing daredevil, has been making flights against time for more than a dozen years. Other old men in athletics are Billy Larned, tennis; Melvin Sheppard, distance runner; Frank Kramer, bike rider, and Johnny Ball of England, golfer.

Easy Way to Clean a Carpet. Instead of sweeping your stair carpet try wiping it over with a damp cloth. Use a teaspoonful of ammonia in two quarts of warm water. Your carpet will look clean and bright and there will be no dust.



The Janesville Gazette

New Bldg. 200-201 E. Milwaukee St.

AT THE POSTOFFICE AT JANESVILLE
WIS. AS SECOND CLASS MAIL MATTER.

MEMBER OF ASSOCIATED PRESS

BUSINESS OFFICE OPEN SATUR-
DAY EVENING.

WEATHER FORECAST.

Fair tonight and
Sunday. Warmer
Sunday. Light to
moderate northerly
winds coming
variable.

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false advertising or other
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with full confidence in the character and
reliability of the advertiser and the truth
of the representations made. Readers of
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promptly report any failure on the part of
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SCRIPTURE

1 Peter 2:17-25.

Honour all men. Love the brother-

hood. Fear God. Honour the king.

Servants, be subject to your masters

with all fear; not only to the good

and gentle, but also to the forward.

For this is thankworthy, if a man

for conscience toward God endure

grief, as suffering wrongfully.

For what glory is it, if when ye be

buffeted by them, ye shall take

it patiently? but if, when ye do well,

and suffer for it, ye take it patiently,

this is acceptable with God.

For ye have heard of the calling of

Christ also suffered for us,

leaving us an example, that ye should

follow his steps:

Who did no sin, neither was guile

found in his mouth:

Who, when he was reviled, reviled

not again; when he suffered, he

threatened not; but committed him-

self to him that judgeth righteously:

Who his own self bare our sins in

his own body on the tree, that we,

being dead to sins, should live unto

righteousness: by whose stripes ye

were healed.

For ye were as sheep going astray;

but are now turned unto the Shep-

herd and Bishop of your souls.

CHURCHES

Trinity Episcopal Church.

Rev. Henry Willmann, Rector.

Sixth Sunday after Trinity. Holy

Communion 7:30 a. m. Holy Commu-

nion 10:30 a. m. No evening

service during July and August.

Saturday, July 25th, St. James' Day.

Holy Communion 9:00 a. m.

The First Presbyterian Church.

The First Presbyterian church is lo-

cated upon the corner of North Jer-

son and Wall streets. Rev. George

Edwin Parloose, pastor.

The Sabbath school assembles at

8:45. Superintendent, I. F. Worth-

dyke, the teachers and officers will

gladly welcome and assign you to a

class. A class for everyone. Our

Sunday school will be open the entire

summer.

On the morning hour of worship at

10:45, with sermon by the pastor upon

the theme: "God's Testing Pot."

There will be no services in our

church this evening.

The midweek hour of prayer and

fellowship Thursday evening at eight

o'clock.

To the stranger in our midst, and

you who have no church hours, we

cordially extend an invitation to share

with us the privileges of our house of

worship. Come let us go into the

house of God.

Union Sunday services will be held

in the M. E. church. Rev. J. C.

Hazen will preach.

First Baptist Church.

Corner Jackson and Pleasant streets.

Rev. Joseph Chalmers Hazen, pastor.

Sunday morning worship 10:30.

Sermon subject: "A Faithful Saying."

Music by the quartet, conducted by

Mrs. Alice Shearer Thomas. A cor-

dial invitation is extended to every

one to worship with us.

Sunday school 11:45 to 12:45 noon.

A class for every age and a welcome

for you.

Evening People's meeting.

Union evening service in the Metho-

dist church. All are invited to join

in this service.

Prayer meeting Thursday evening.

Cargill Methodist Church.

Rev. T. D. Williams, minister. Miss

Lillian E. Pratt, deaconess. 9:45, class

meeting. H. R. Nott leader. 10:30, ser-

mon by pastor: "Rebuilding the Wan-

ing Forces of the Soul."

Music by Chorus Choir, in charge

of Miss Sewell. "O Blessed Saviour

Mine"—Woolper.

7:30—Union service Methodist

church. Sermon by Rev. J. C. Hazen:

"The Choice of Moses."

Chorus Choir, anthem "Selected."

Solo, "The Lord Is My Shepherd,"

Miss Bertha Volkman, Eau Claire,

Wisconsin.

Sunday School 11:45, T. E. Bannison,

Supt.

Junior League, 3 p. m.

Epworth League, 6:30. Miss Lulu

Williams, leader. "The Soldier's

Burial of Spiritual Women." Miss Wilhelmy,

Miss Kittie Billings, Mrs. Horwood,

Mrs. G. A. Jacobs, Miss Genevieve

Jacobs, Miss Bernice Billings and

Miss Sewell will assist in the Ep-

worth League program.

Prayer meeting Thursday 7:30. All

invited to all services.

St. John's German Lutheran Church.

Corner North Bluff street and Peace

Court. Rev. S. W. Fuchs, pastor.

Sunday school at 9:45.

Regular services at 10:30.

A cordial invitation is extended to

the public to be present at these ser-

vices.

Christian Science Church.

First Church of Christ, Scientist.

Services Sunday 10:30 a. m.; Sunday

school, 12 m.; Wednesday, 7:45 p. m.

Subject of sermon Sunday, "Life."

Reading room rear of church open

daily except Sundays and holidays

from 2 to 4 p. m.

Christian Church.

Corner Milwaukee and Academy

streets. Frank L. Van Voorhis, minis-

ter.

10:00 a. m. Bible school. A class

for every one.

11:00. Communion and Preaching.

Subject, "Lessons From Picture of

City Life in Judea." Anthem by quart-

et.

8:00 p. m. preaching. Subject:

"Conviction of the World." Anthem

by Chorus Choir.

Mid-week prayer meeting, Thursday.

8:00 p. m.

All most cordially invited to wor-

ship with us.

Christ Episcopal Church.

The Rev. John McKinney, A. M.,

rector.

The sixth Sunday after Trinity.

Holy Communion, 8 a. m.

Morning prayer and sermon, 10:30

a. m.

Sunday school, 12 m.

Saturday Feast of St. James the

Apostle.

There is more Catarrh in this section of

the country than all other diseases put

together, and until the last few years

was supposed to be incurable. For a great

many years doctors pronounced it a local

disease and prescribed local remedies, and

by constantly failing to cure with local

treatment, pronounced it incurable. Sci-

ence has proven Catarrh to be a constitu-

tional disease, and therefore requires

constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh

Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney &

Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitu-

tional cure on the market. It is taken in-

ternally in doses from 10 drops to a tea-

spoonful. It acts directly on the blood

and mucous surfaces of the system. They

The GRIP in DEEP HOLE



By CHARLES
C. D.
ROBERTS



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H. K. JAMISON.

THE roar of the falls, the lighter and shriller raging of the rapids, had at last died out behind the thick masses of the forest as Barnes worked his way down the valley. The heat in the windless underbrush, alive with insects, was stifling. He decided to make once more for the bank of the stream, in the hope that its character might by this time have changed so as to afford him an easier and more open path. Pressing aside to his left, he presently saw the green gloom lighten before him. Blue sky and golden light came low through the thinning trees; and then a gleam of unruffled water. He was nearing the edge now; and because the underbrush was so thick about him he began to go cautiously.

All at once he felt his feet sinking; and the screen of thick bushes before him leaned away as if bowed by a heavy gust. Desperately he clutched with both hands at the undergrowth and saplings on either side; but they all gave way with him. In a smother of leafage and blinding, lashing branches he sank downward—at first, as it seemed, slowly, for he had time to think many things while his heart was jumping in his throat. Then, shooting through the lighter bushy companions of his fall, and still clutching convulsively at those upon which he had been able to lay his grasp, he plunged feet first into a dark water.

The water was deep, and cold. Barnes went down straight, and clear under, with a strangled gasp. His feet struck, with some force, upon a tangled, yielding mass, from which he rose again with a spring. His head shot above the surface, above the swirl of foam, leafage, and debris; and sputtering he gulped his lungs full of air. But before he could clear his eyes or his nostrils, or recover his self-possession, he was stealthily dragged down again. With a pang of horror he realized that he was caught by the foot.

A powerful swimmer, Barnes struck out mightily with his arms and came to the surface again at once, rising beyond the shoulders. But by so much the more was he violently snatched back again, strangling and desperate, before he had time to empty his lungs and catch breath. This time the shock sobered him, flashing the full peril of the situation before his startled consciousness. With a tremendous effort of will he stopped his struggling, and contented himself with a gentle paddling to keep upright. This time he came more softly to the surface, clear beyond the chin. The foam, and debris, and turbulence of little waves, swirled about his lips, and the sunlight danced confusingly in his streaming eyes; but he gulped a fresh lungful before he again went down.

Paddling warily now, he emerged again at once, and, with arms outspread, brought himself to a precarious equilibrium, his mouth just clearing the surface so long as he held his head well back. Keeping very still, he let his bewildered wits compose themselves and the agitated surface settle to quiet.

He was in a deep, tranquil cove, hardly stirred by an eddy. Some ten paces farther out from the shore the main current swirled past sullenly, as if weary from the turbulence of falls and rapids. Across the current a little space of sand-beach, jutting out from the leafy shore, shone golden in the sun. Up and down the stream, as far as his extremely restricted vision would suffer him to see, nothing but thick, overhanging branches, and the sullen current. Very cautiously he turned his head—though to do so brought the water over his nose—and saw behind him just what he expected. The high, almost perpendicular bank was scarred by a gash of bright, raw, reddish earth, where the brink had slipped away beneath his weight.

Just within reach of his hand lay, half submerged, the thick, leafy top of a fallen poplar sapling. Its roots apparently still clinging to the bank. Gently he laid hold of it, testing it, in the hope that it might prove solid enough to enable him to haul himself out. But it came away in

stantly in his grasp. And once more in this slight disturbance of his equilibrium, his head went under.

Barnes was disappointed, but he was now absolutely master of himself. In a moment he had regained the only position in which he could breathe comfortably. Then, because the sun was beating down too fiercely on the top of his head, he carefully drew the bushy top of the poplar sapling into such a position that it gave him shade. As its roots were still aground, it showed no tendency to float off and forsake him in his plight.

A very little consideration, accompanied by a cautious investigation with his free foot, speedily convinced him, being a practical woodsman, that the trap in which he found himself caught could be nothing else than a couple of interlaced, twisted branches, or roots, of some tree which had fallen into the pool in some former caving-in of the bank. In that dark deep wherein his foot was held fast, his mind's eye could see it all well enough—the water-soaked, brown-green, slimy, inexorable coil, which had yielded to admit the unlucky member, then closed upon the ankle like the jaws of an otter trap. He could feel that grip—not severe, but uncompromisingly firm, clutching the joint. As he considered, he began to draw comfort, however, from the fact that his invisible captor had displayed a certain amount of give-and-take. This elasticity meant either that it was a couple of branches slight enough to be flexible that held him, or that the submerged tree itself was a small one, not too steadfastly anchored down. He would free himself easily enough, he thought, as soon as he should set himself about it coolly and systematically.

Taking a long breath he sank his head under the surface, and peered downward through the amber-brown but transparent gloom. Little gleams of brighter light came twisting and quivering in from the swirls of the outer current. Barnes could not discern the bottom of the pool, which was evidently very deep; but he could see quite clearly the portion of the sunken tree in whose interwoven branches he was held. A shimmering golden ray fell just on the spot where his foot vanished to the ankle between two stout curves of what looked like slimy brown cables or sections of a tense snake body.

It was, beyond question, a nasty-looking trap; and Barnes could not blink the fact that he was in a tight place. He lifted his face above the surface, steadied himself carefully, and breathed deeply and quietly for a couple of minutes, gathering strength for a swift and vigorous effort. Then, filling his lungs very moderately, the better to endure a strain, he stooped suddenly downward, deep into the amber gloom, and began wrenching with all his force at those oozy curves, striving to drag them apart. They gave a little, but not enough to release the imprisoned foot. Another moment and he had to lift his head again for breath.

After some minutes of rest, he repeated the choking struggle, but, as before, in vain. He could move the jaws of the trap just enough to encourage him a little, but not enough to gain his release. Again and again he tried it—again and again to fall just as he imagined himself on the verge of success; till at last he was forced, for the moment, to acknowledge defeat, finding himself so exhausted that he could hardly keep his mouth above water. Drawing down a stiffish upright branch of the sapling, he gripped it between his teeth and so held himself upright while he rested his arms. This was a relief to nerves as well as muscles, because it made his balance, on which he depended for the chance to breathe, so much the less precarious.

As he hung there pondering, held but a bare half

inch above drowning, the desperateness of the situation presented itself to him in appalling clearness. How sunny, and warm, and safe, to his woods-familiar eyes, looked the green forest world about him! No sound broke the mild tranquillity of the solitude, except, now and then, an elfish gurgle of the slow current, or the sweetly cheerful tale-dee-dee of an unseen chickadee, or, from the intense blue overhead, the abrupt, thin whistle of a soaring fishhawk. To Barnes it all seemed such a safe, friendly world, his well-understood intimate since small boyhood. Yet here it was apparently, turned smooth traitor at last, and about to destroy him as pitilessly as might the most scorching desert or blizzard-scourged ice-field.

A silent rage burned suddenly through all his veins, which was well, since the cold of that spring-fed river had already begun to finger stealthily about his heart. A delicate little pale-blue butterfly, like a periwinkle-petal come to life, fluttered

searching with his eyes among the branches of the poplar sapling for one stout enough to serve him for a lever. With the right kind of a stick in his hand, he told himself, he might manage to pry apart the jaws of the trap and get his foot free. At last his choice settled upon a branch that he thought would serve his turn. He was just about to reach up and break it off, when a slight cracking in the underbrush across the stream caught his ear.

His woodsman's instinct kept him motionless as he turned his eyes to the spot. In the thick leafage there was a swaying, which moved quickly down along the bank, but he could not see what was causing it. Softly he drew down a leafy branch of the sapling till it made him a perfect screen; then he peered up the channel to find out what the unseen wayfarer was following.

A huge salmon, battered and gashed from a vain struggle to leap the falls, was floating, belly upward, down the current, close to Barnes' side of the stream. A gentle eddy caught it, and drew it into the pool. Softly it came drifting down to



The animal threw himself shoulder high from the water and hurled himself with all his strength.

over Barnes' grim, upturned face, and went dancing gayly out across the shining water, joyous in the sun. In its dancing it chanced to dip a hair's breadth too low. The treacherous bright surface caught it, held it; and away it swept, struggling in helpless consternation against this unexpected doom. Before it passed out of Barnes' vision a trout rose, and gulped it down. Its swift fate, to Barnes' haggard eyes, seemed an analogue in little to his own.

But it was not in the woodsman's fibre to acknowledge himself actually beaten, either by man or fate, so long as there remained a spark in his brain to keep his will alive. He presently began

ward Barnes' hidden face. Among the twigs of the poplar sapling it came to a halt, its great scarlet gills barely moving as the last of life flickered out of it.

Barnes now understood quite well that commotion which had followed, along shore, the course of the dying salmon. It was no surprise to him whatever, when he saw a huge black bear emerge upon the yellow sandspit and stand staring across the current. Apparently, it was staring straight at Barnes' face, upturned upon the surface of the water. But Barnes knew it was staring at the dead salmon. His heart jumped sickeningly with sudden hope as an extravagant notion flashed into his

brain. Here was his rescuer—a perilous one, to be sure—vouchsafed to him by some whim of the inscrutable forest fates. He drew down another branchy twig before his face, fearful lest his concealment should not be adequate. But in his excitement he disturbed his balance, and with the effort of his recovery the water swirled noticeably all about him. His heart sank. Assuredly, the bear would take alarm at this and be afraid to come for the fish.

But to his surprise the great beast, which had seemed to hesitate, plunged impetuously into the stream. Nothing, according to a bear's knowledge of life, could have made that sudden disturbance in the pool but some fish-loving otter or mink, intent upon seizing the booty. Indignant at the prospect of being forestalled by any such furtive marauder, the bear hurled himself forward with such force that the spray flew high into the branches, and the noise of his splashing was a clear notification that trespassers and meddlers had better keep off. That salmon was his, by right of discovery; and he was going to have it.

The bear, for all the seeming clumsiness of his bulk, was a redoubtable swimmer; and almost before Barnes had decided clearly on his proper course of action those heavy, grunting snorts and vast expulsions of breath were at his ear. Enormously loud they sounded, shot thus close along the surface of the water. Perforce, Barnes made up his mind on the instant.

The bunch of twigs which had arrested the approach of the floating salmon lay just about an arm's length from Barnes' face. Swimming high, his mighty shoulders thrust up a wave before him which buried Barnes' head safely from view, the bear reached the salmon. Grabbing it triumphantly in its jaws, he turned to make for shore again.

This was Barnes' moment. Both arms shot out before him. Through the suffocating confusion his clutching fingers encountered the bear's haunches. Sinking into the long fur, they closed upon it with a grip of steel. Then, instinctively, Barnes shut his eyes and clenched his teeth, and waited for the shock, while his lungs felt as if in another minute they would burst.

But it was no long time he had to wait, perhaps two seconds, while amazement in the bear's brain translated itself through panic into action. Utterly horrified by this unexplicable attack from the rear and from the depths, the animal threw himself shoulder-high from the water, and hurled himself forward with all his strength. Barnes felt those tremendous haunches heaving irresistibly beneath his clutching fingers. He felt himself drawn out straight, and dragged ahead till he thought his ankle would snap. Almost he came to letting go, to save the ankle. But he held on, as much with his will as with his grip. Then the slimy thing in the depths gave way. He felt himself being jerked out through the water—free. His fingers relaxed their clutch on the bear's fur, and he came to the surface, gasping, blinking, and coughing.

For a moment or two he paddled softly, recovering his breath and shaking the water from nostrils and eyes. He had an instant of apprehensiveness, lest the bear should turn upon him and attack him at a disadvantage; and by way of precaution he gave forth the most savage and piercing yell that his laboring lungs were capable of. But he saw at once that on this score he had nothing to fear. It was a well-frightened bear, there swimming frantically for the sandspit; while the dead salmon, quite forgotten, was drifting slowly away on the sullen current.

Barnes' foot was hurting fiercely, but his heart was light. Swimming at leisure, so as to just keep head against the stream, he watched the bear scuttle out upon the sand. Once safe on dry land, the great beast turned and glanced back with a timid air to see what manner of being it was that had so astoundingly assailed him. Man he had never before, but never man swimming like an otter; and the sight was nothing to reassure him. One longing look he cast upon the salmon, now floating some distance away; but that, to his startled mind was just a lure of this terrifying and perfidious creature whose bright gray eyes were staring at him so steadily from the surface of the water. He turned quickly and made off into the woods, followed by a loud, daunting laugh which spurred his pace to a panicky gallop.

When he was gone, Barnes swam to the sandspit. There he stripped, wrung out his dripping clothes, and lay down in the hot sand to let the sun soak deep into his chilled veins.

LA TEST NEWS BY CABLE

EXPLOITS OF PRINCE AT OXFORD REVIEWED

FUTURE KING OF ENGLAND RECEIVES NO FAVORS AT OXFORD DURING YEAR.

KIPLING A CANDIDATE

English Newspaper, Praises American Sportsmanship—Other Cable Notes From London.

London, July 18.—The Prince of Wales, who has just completed two years at Oxford, is finding his exploits at that institution of learning under critical review in the newspapers. An undergraduate, who has had an opportunity to see much of this future king of England, notes his impressions in a seemingly frank manner.

Viewed impartially, he says, the Prince's career has been neither better nor worse than that of the average titled undergraduate. He has embarked on many of the many sports of youth, and excelled in none. The best of his command is none. The lack of side was the fact that he played consistently at Association with the Magdalen College second eleven.

For a long time he was the despair of his equity but as a concession to popular opinion, expressed and unexpressed, he has acquired some skill in the saddle, and with it some of the standing that falls only to hunting men at Oxford.

That the Prince should take an equal footing with all in undergraduate life was, of course, an innovation, as one might expect, by the advantages and drawbacks. The curious interest with which he was persecuted in his early weeks soon wore off, but the natural desire to be intimately associated with a prince so easy of access was harder to kill.

Magdalen's second eleven last season proved far more attractive to many men than the college senior team. Little or no concession has been made to his royalty. I saw him the other day waiting at the door of one of the leading doctors in Oxford. On the other hand, he has had freedom and ease which he will never again enjoy. He has mixed unostentatiously with people of all ranks; he has enjoyed bravely and well the discomforts of camp life as a private, and he has been treated with a quiet, well-earned respect by every member of the university.

The Prince has rather startled his companions lately by taking to the pipe and giving up, for the moment, the cigarette. A picture of him with the Oxford officers, training corps shows the Prince puffing at a great long pipe, and apparently enjoying it. The next day, however, he left his regiment, which had not finished its training, and came to London. Gossips are saying that Queen Mary having seen the picture sent for him.

The London Truth, discussing the international sports, declares that while for years it has been an article of faith with the British that Americans are not sportsmen, and things after another lately has gone to disprove this charge. The writer reviews many instances of friendly competition, including the recent polo matches when the Americans "acted from spirit of sportsmanship which was ideal," in insisting upon the postponement of the first match because Captain Cheape had been injured in practice.

In the line of athletics he recalled the traces of old prejudice that were seen at the last Olympic games, and added:

"Rounders in sport there must be on both sides of the water. But taken all round the average American athlete is a better class man than his English antagonist."

He continues:

"I am so sick when advocating rational improvement in athletics of hearing the saddle about sportsmen, especially as practised by the Americans, that I want to point out that without specialization and organization that (polo) cup would never have been lifted."

He pointed to the success which Guy Nickalls, the past-president of the Oxford Boat Club had had in reorganizing rowing at Yale along English lines.

"It was a big job," he said, "it seemed practically impossible that success could attend his first efforts. Undergraduates are ticklish people to deal with, even though their loyalty and good will may be assured. Yale is a Yale, and Yale is a Yale, with fixed rowlocks, but only by a foot. They must have learned to finish a race, and there was one good old American rowing for Harvard. If Yale were wise they will once again give Nickalls to help them, and he is prepared to do so. And if they do, and add exploits of Prince."

if they get hold of our English style, then there will be an occasional international university meet race word-sewing.

The way in which these alterations were carried through was characteristically American. Having decided that English methods were best, the old ones were to be scrapped, and some one who could teach had to be found. Then, of course, English rowers were respectfully horrified. Nickalls had forfeited his amateur status. As he knew he would do so, there was no reason why he should not. The fact that he has done so has not affected one atom his social position in the United States. Nor will it over here. I rather expect that by thus breaking new ground he will find that the attitude of Englishmen to this specialization in professionalism will be materially altered. Perhaps in athletics we shall now hear less nonsense talked about professional coaching for university sports. But I instructed games master for schools. I cannot see why gentlemen should not undertake work in teaching any sports without being schooled and written down in the social scale. They may make money by teaching a sport by writing a book, but a fee for a lesson is too horrible for words. This is insular prejudice.

Kipling a Candidate.

While it seems settled that Rudyard Kipling will be a candidate for Member of Parliament at the next general election, the Unionist party has not yet found a seat for him. After his recent attack on the Liberal Government's policy, which caused much of comment in England, the Berdesley division of Birmingham, from which the Right Honorable Jesse Collings is retiring, offered him the Liberal-Unionist seat, but he declined. The ground that he was being put forward by one section of the party which desired to force its candidacy on the other section. For in Birmingham, the Unionists and Conservatives, who worked together under the leadership of the late

Joseph Chamberlain, have now renewed their jealousy. Each section is trying to get a candidate in full sympathy with its views to succeed Mr. Collings. A similar situation was avoided in the West division of Birmingham, which Mr. Chamberlain represented for so many years, only by the fact that his son Austin Chamberlain, recently came forward as a candidate.

Some sought a constituency is being sought, which will not be too exacting, and which will not require what the English call "nursing."

Women Given Seats.

The women of England may yet be some day enfranchised, but they will be slowly and surely breaking down old prejudices and securing minor advantages, which were before reserved for men. A concession is extended to women who wish to listen to the debates in the House of Lords, which generally is the last to establish new precedents. Some women have been dissatisfied with the accommodation afforded in the Upper Chamber, and the League have set about remedying this. An order has just been issued instructing the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod to make special use of the box below the bar, customarily occupied by him, for the purpose of providing accommodations during the debates of certain ladies, who, though not the accredited guests of the House, are to attend the sittings of the House.

It is not disclosed who the favored ladies are, but the demand for seats among the liberal ladies, who expect some interesting sessions during the Home Rule debates.

Women at Fights.

The boxing boom that London is experiencing has extended to women. Heretofore it has been a very rare sight to see a woman at any of the well known boxing resorts, but this season many women booked seats for the big fights. The fashion comes from Paris, where, since the advent of Carpentier, women have been generous patrons of the manly art. The promoter of the Wells-Bell fight said half his best seats were booked by women. "It would not be fair to mention names," he said, but the ladies are not only in society, but they are some of the best known names in the land. In the lower-priced seats there will also be many women to watch the contest. Among these are the athletic girl, the club girl and the bachelor girl. They come up to the office quite boldly and ask for tickets for the fight, and make many inquiries about the position of the ring and whether they will be able to see what goes on."

FOUR HUNDRED WAR SHIPS REVIEWED BY KING GEORGE

(SPECIAL TO THE GAZETTE.)

Portsmouth, Eng., July 18.—The mightiest war fleet ever assembled in British waters was reviewed today at Spithead by King George. Four hundred warships of various types, including twenty-five great dreadnoughts and between sixty and seventy submarines, were drawn up in long lines stretching into the Solent, and presented a magnificent spectacle as the royal yacht Alexandria steamed slowly through the squadrons.

The King, who was accompanied by Queen Mary and the Prince of Wales, was received with full honors on arriving here from London and immediately boarded the royal yacht. The hoisting of the royal standard was the signal for a 101 guns royal salute, led by Nelson's historic flag-ship Victory, whose wooden hull looked ridiculous amid the modern iron-clads.

All the ships were dressed rainbow fashion and as the Alexandria passed along the lines the crews manned the bulwarks and gave three ringing cheers. During the inspection, which lasted nearly two hours, the ships saluted by squadrons and the boom of guns seemed incessant. The royal party returns to London tonight.

WHITEWATER

Whitewater, April 17.—The business place in Whitewater was closed today from 2 o'clock to 4 o'clock, during the funeral of Michael Messerschmidt, who died Wednesday morning at six o'clock. He was sick for about a year before his death. Mr. Messerschmidt was born in Wittenburg, Germany, March 5th, 1834. He came to Whitewater two years after he came to America, sixty years ago, and worked in the paper mill for a few years before going into the hotel business. He was a prosperous hotel-keeper for fifty years. He is survived by one son, who lives in Whitewater, and three daughters, Mrs. J. Conley of Madison, Mrs. Flora Flaks of Milwaukee, and Mrs. Carrie Lee Greid, who is in the south.

Ezra Saxe of Lima, died Tuesday. The funeral was Thursday from the Lima church at two o'clock. He was one of the oldest residents, being sixty-two years, six months and 25 days old.

The Custers left early Saturday morning for Camp Douglas.

Miss Estelle Wagner is visiting in Milwaukee. She is expected home Sunday.

Miss Elva N. Uglow, who has been spending the last three weeks at Eugene Paynter's, came home Thursday in time to go with her Sunday school class to their camp at Green Lake.

Mrs. H. O. Hamilton is visiting in Delavan.

Mrs. Joseph, who has been visiting at Prof. Reed's, and Miss Mildred Reed, her niece, are on a visit to Mt. Vernon.

Miss Catherine Cook is spending a few days with Lawyer Cass's at Green Lake.

Whitewater, July 18.—About twenty young people helped Goodman Watson celebrate his fifteenth birthday on Friday.

A meeting is to be held this evening, by the threshermen near Whitewater, at the City Hall.

Mrs. George Uiter and her mother were called to Milwaukee, where they attended the death of their son and brother, Levine Hanson formerly of Whitewater.

Mr. and Gannell Erickson, who were married at Rockford, June 29th, are now keeping house in the Hunt residence on Whiton street.

Miss Eleanor Rock who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. U. Wheeler returned to her home in Chicago this morning.

Prof. Upton came home from Madison Friday to spend the week end with his family.

Mr. Dittmar of Baraboo is expected tonight to spend Sunday with his wife, who is at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Upton, for a few weeks.

Miss Elsie Uglow and Miss Ruby Hochcock walked out to Albert Taylor's to study agriculture at close range.

MILTON JUNCTION.

Milton Junction, July 18.—About

THOUSANDS ATTEND MAMMOTH WEDDING

Children of Heads of Hebrew Dynasties Meet for First Time On Evening of Wedding.

(BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.)

Vienna, July 18.—A wedding whose guests numbered over 8,000 persons and whose feasting continued for eight days was celebrated recently at Sadagora in Bukowina, one of those remote country districts of Austria-Hungary where mammoth wedding festivities on a scale utterly unknown in America or Western Europe are the rule.

The affair at Sadagora exceeded in magnificence and lavish hospitality any function on record in that district, however. It was a Hebrew wedding. Sadagora enjoys a certain fame in Eastern Europe as the seat of the renowned Rabbinal dynasty known as the Miracle Rabbis. The bride was the daughter of the Grand Rabbi of this line, Aron Friedmann, and the groom, Salomon Friedmann, belongs to a branch of the same Rabbinal dynasty at Czortkow. The marriage was arranged by the chiefs of the two families, entirely without the knowledge of the young people. In fact, they met for the first time on the evening before the wedding at a preliminary feast, when they danced together as a sign of their willingness to marry.

The chiefs had taken it for granted that there would be no hitch in their plans, and had invited the Rabbinal families of all the Orthodox Jews in Russia, Poland, Rumania, Galicia and Hungary. They came down on Sadagora in thousands. Many were of imposing stature and patriarchal dignity. They wore black silk caftans, low shoes and white stockings, while their shades were attired in a sort of crinolines and adorned with rich jewels. There were some dressed in the latest modes of Paris and Vienna. The ceremony took place in the gardens of the Grand Rabbi's palace, guarded by mounted troops. Thousands were unable to hear or see what was going on, so dense was the throng, but all had a hand in the feasting which followed. During the eight days the commissary's books accounted for 200 pounds of fish, 500 heads of poultry, 350 pounds of beef, 5,000 pounds of bread and many casks of wine. The Grand Rabbi was out of pocket to the extent of at least \$40,000.

In addition to this he presented the bride couple with a palace in Sadagora, completely furnished and equipped with a staff of servants. He will meet the entire household for a period of six years, and it is assumed that the young bridegroom will have attained a position where he can support his family himself.



What part of a house?

noon yesterday a fire was discovered in the upper rooms on Vernal avenue occupied by Miss Nettie Coon. The fire started from a gasoline stove. It was but a few minutes before the fire company was on hand and neighbors and friends were ready to help. Miss Coon, who has been overcome by the smoke and intense heat, was sent to a neighbor's and a doctor called. The rooms below were occupied by Mr. and Mrs. James Stockman, were quickly cleared. On account of the fire being near the stairs it was almost impossible to save much of Miss Coon's furniture. Considerable damage was also done by water. The loss was partly covered by insurance.

Mrs. Addie Marsh and daughter have gone to Sun Prairie for a visit. Mrs. Ray Oden of Milwaukee is a guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. I. M. Waule.

Mrs. Evelyn Smith and daughter, Olive, have returned from their Edgemoor visit.

Rev. Webster Millar is home from Waupaca.

A number from here are attending the quarterly meeting at Walworth.

M. Warner and son, Myron, were in Janesville yesterday.

Miss Lois Morris is expected tonight from the east where she has been for the past month.

BRODHEAD

Brodhead, July 18.—Carl Dominie left Friday for Westington, South Dakota, where he expects to spend several months.

Miss Maud Green and Gerald Green were passengers to Madison Friday.

Mrs. Jos. Norris who was here from Chicago the guest of Mr. and Mrs. O. J. Barr, left for her home Friday.

Mrs. A. R. Horne went to Milwaukee Friday to attend the funeral of a friend.

Miss Freda Trautman and Master Bernard Nauret returned Friday to their home in Brodhead after spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. James H. Karney.

Mr. and Mrs. Bennie Bernstein of Beloit are visiting Brodhead relatives.

Mrs. Bert Swanton of Meano, South Dakota, has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. George Swanton the past few days. She departed Friday for a visit with friends in Pennsylvania.

Little Miss Myrene Hill of Beloit, is the guest of her aunt, Miss Myrthyn Hill.

The Congregational Sunday School held its annual picnic at Decatur Parks on Friday.

Lost.

The mistress of the house had mislaid her eyeglasses. She asked the old negro servant if she had seen them. "No'm, honey," said Aunt Miesouri, "I ain't seen 'em. But I'll find 'em for you. Joss tell me now, was dey in de shell?"

Lincoln Chautauqua's Tents Sage Green

Platform Lighted by Great Mazdas, Each Shedding 600 Candle-Power Light.

The new American institution, the Chautauqua, is just beginning to be recognized as a most important factor in the entertainment and popular education of the masses of people—i. e., people living in towns and communities having a population of 25,000 or less. Necessarily the problem of Chautauqua equipment has been hastily handled. So far every conceivable makeshift or housing and seating, the people have been adopted. All well established institutions have been drawn upon for emergency aid, but the era of physical Chautauqua comfort is dawning.

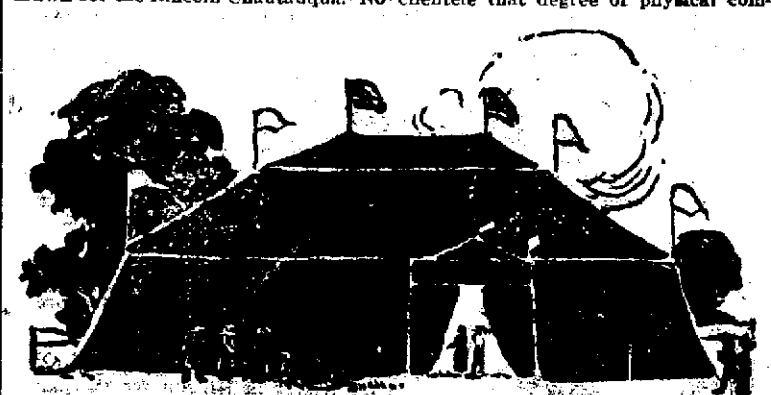
In keeping with the permanent policies which undoubtedly must preserve and characterize its career, the Lincoln management has exercised that degree of initiative and permanent institution. The recognized efficient makers of the nation have been called upon for their best products in tent building by the Lincoln system. Its tents are made by the Lincoln Chautauqua. No

big "tops." Every known measure providing for comfort and safety has been exhausted in the training of these men.

An entirely new feature in the Chautauqua world is the electric lights provided by the Lincoln system. They will be connected to the local company's wires, and the tent will be as well lighted as is your parlor or your favorite auditorium; indeed, as well lighted as were it a permanent structure in your city.

A second departure is the setting of the stage. The Lincoln Chautauqua system stage is enclosed this summer by both back and drop curtains. These curtains will be manipulated by the tent crew very much as are the curtains in a theater.

These improvements remove some of the crudeness of Chautauqua environment, and it need scarcely be said that this institution, which is believed by thinking men and women everywhere to deserve its distinctive place in American life, must provide for its clientele that degree of physical com-

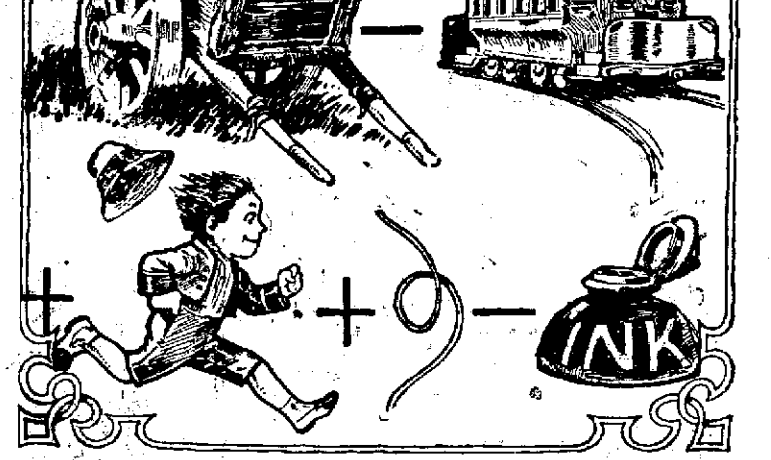


fort and ease which is requisite to fine thinking and keen critical enjoyment of music and other entertainment.

The Lincoln management in this regard as in others is paving the way toward a vacation week for its communities which shall provide rest for body as well as delight for the mind.

This system is also urging the matter of comfortable seats upon its local committees, knowing full well that a comfortably seated tent will much more than recompense local committees assuming such expense as is necessary for this purpose.

The crews, men in charge of tents, have been most carefully instructed in putting up and taking down these



Subtract and add and get a box for clothes as result.

Have Your Own Gas Plant

Why use kerosene lamps and hot cook stoves in your home when for a small sum of money you can install a Gasoline Gas plant and do away with the drudgery of cleaning lamps and the insufferable heat of a Cook Stove.

We have purchased of Weirick & Co., Beloit, all their interest in the GIANT Gas Machine and are now building them in our own shop in Janesville.

These machines are built for hard usage and will last a lifetime. They are not very expensive to install and will produce Gas from Gasoline at a cost of from 70 to 80 cents per thousand feet. Write us for circulars describing them and our man will call and tell you about them without expense to you.

Bower City Machine Co.

Janesville, Wis.

We Have For Sale A Pleasant Modern Home

In the Third ward. This is a desirable property, excellent location and neighborhood where property is improving. Call up and learn about this.

FIFIELD LUMBER CO.

Either Phone 109.

READ GAZETTE WANT ADS

CONDITION OF ROADS GIVEN IN BULLETIN

The following is a daily bulletin of state roads under process of construction. All persons traveling over the roads in this list, reported as not being completed, do so at their own risk. Parties unduly trespassing on these highways or in any way damaging newly laid macadam are subject to fine and liable for damages and will be prosecuted. Our workmen are ready to co-operate with the public in every way possible, and we ask the same in return. Pull crews are on every job and the work will be hastened as much as possible, consistent with best interests of the work. Much trouble and inconvenience will be avoided on both sides if due attention is paid to the guide in the following bulletin.

CHARLES E. MOORE,
County Highway Commissioner.
The road running directly between Milton and Milton Junction is closed for repairs. Also, the highway between Janesville and Milton Junction, at Milton and Harmony, respectively, are torn up. Travelers are requested to use the direct Janesville to Milton road for the present.

The state road between Milton and Indian Ford is closed at the present time, while the Janesville-Indian Ford highway is entirely completed and open to the traveling public. The Janesville-Evanville road is torn up at Porter and Union. The best overland route is to take the Magnolia road in place of the Madison thoroughfare.

In the town of Spring Valley, the Orfordville-Newark road is torn up for repairs. Also, the highway between Footville and Brodhead is undergoing repairs. The Orfordville-Brodhead

road has been turned open to travel after a new surfacing.

For all travel between Janesville and Beloit, Mr. Moore urges that travelers pursue the Afton course west of Rock river. The eastern thoroughfare is in no condition for travel at Happy Hollow, where a new bridge is being constructed. Work south of Yost park has been suspended, in dry weather travel is only fair, but the road is passable to travel.

The Janesville-Mineral Point road is open for travel. There are two roads that are not fully completed, yet are fit for travel. They are the Milton-Emerald Grove and the Evansville-Edgerton road at Union is closed. The best road to Madison from Evansville is the Brooklyn highway, which has just been completed, together with the Evansville-Attica road.

The Clinton-Beloit road is torn up in the town of Turtle for the present. Two other roads that are not open to travel, are the Emerald Grove highway at MWhurne and the Berger road at Clinton turnpike.

All changes will appear in this paper as soon as the various roads now under repair are completed, and other highways torn up for further repairs.

Way Justice is Done in Mexico.

A traveling man tells this story: A firm doing business in Mexico found that the cashier was stealing. The man was arrested and sent to the penitentiary. In a couple of weeks he came back and applied for his old job. "I thought we sent you to the penitentiary," said the manager. "You did," was the reply, "but they transferred me to the army and I did not like it and came home."

Buy it in Janesville. It's cheaper.

NEW YORK'S MASKED MAN IS A MYSTERY

BOOMED NEVER TO SHOW HIS FACE.

NOVEL WAGER IS LOST

Failure to Consume Two Slices of Watermelon Costs Man One Hundred Dollars in Eating Contest.

New York, July 15.—Condemned to a life of mystery during the remainder of his life, a resident of New York has now become a strikingly mysterious figure. The fact that his face has never been looked upon again is due to an accident which happened to him last night. While at work on an experiment which involved the use of explosives, the ingredients blew up in a crucible while he was holding a carboy of nitric acid. He stumbled and fell, breaking the carboy and splashing the corroding liquid over his face and body. For many months he was expected to live and when he finally emerged from the hospital he was wearing a mask to cover his disfigured features. At that time he obtained a situation as a gardener, but his appearance excited so much comment that he was discharged. During all this time, since his release from the hospital, his wife obeyed his orders not to raise his mask. One day, however, her curiosity came too strong and she raised the cloth to look at her husband. What she saw will never be known, but she is screaming from the house and has never since lived with him. Eventually he returned to the hospital in the hope that through skin-grafting he might be relieved. After months of treatment, however, during which he endured many operations, he has been condemned to spend the rest of his life wearing a mask over his face. The necessity of covering it is a result of complications, however, the surgeons now agree that the man must never show his features again. All the operations have failed to relieve the man from being a pariah and while the surgeons will continue in the hope of relieving him from some physical suffering, the edict has gone forth that for the rest of his life he must never allow his features to be looked upon. The reason for this remarkable edict, in all likelihood, will never be known, and as much mystery concerning his facial appearance is likely to surround him to the day of his death as that which has grown about that of the "Man with the Iron Mask."

Inability to consume two slices of watermelon has not only robbed the New York champion eater of that title but has left him poorer to the extent of \$100 as well. While ordinarily the consumption of this much watermelon could seem an easy task, the fruit in this case made up the dessert of one of the most gargantuan meals ever served in this city. The situation arose from a bet made by a man named Greenburg, who claimed to be the champion eater, against a man

named Levine, involving their respective appetites for food. The trial took place in a restaurant with a large crowd looking on. The bill of fare for each person was as follows: four porterhouse steaks; four portions of vegetables and cream; two portions of hot corn; two cups of coffee, and two segments of watermelon. Greenburg progressed finely until the final course was reached, but then he had to quit. The referee then handed the decision to his rival. In view of the size of the steaks, however, it is believed that a new record has been set in this respect and one which "Diamant Jim Brady," famous as a great eater, would have found it difficult to duplicate even at his best.

Concerning feminine apparel, particularly as it has to do with the length of coat to be worn this fall, New York women are confronted with a difficult problem. The great question seems to be whether the proper style shall dictate that their coats be long or short. At a meeting here of makers of women's clothes, who are supposed to be able to predict what the styles will be, the coat question was left unsettled. As a matter of fact, a compromise was reached declaring both the long coat and the short one to be proper. The woman who wears a short coat in the early part of the season will be proper, according to the compromise as will the woman who later in the season puts on a long coat. A matter of fact, the situation is replete with humorous angles. Apparently various manufacturers have been guessing at the length of coat which will be fashionable this fall, and apparently they have guessed differently. As a result, this means that short ones will be urged by those manufacturers who have made up garments on these lines and by buyers. Because of the uncertainty of the length which will be the proper thing. The same situation applies to those manufacturers who have made up the long coats, and by their buyers. Because of the uncertainty of the length which will be the proper thing, the feminine mind, many manufacturers stand to pocket heavy losses, and this applies to the buyers as well. Within a few weeks, New York may be divided into two rival camps composed of the longs and the shorts and in the effort to prevent losses on the part of manufacturers a similar situation may extend over the greater part of the country. Meanwhile, the only woman who appears to be safe in ordering her fall apparel at this time is the one who can afford to purchase each kind of coat and thus be prepared for any sudden turning of popular opinion.

New York is at present entertaining a woman who is probably the most expensive murderess so far as the cost of her support is concerned, which the State has known for many years. In spite of the fact that she has been convicted of killing a faithless sweetheart this woman is inhabiting a handsome old Colonial mansion built nearly a century ago, which stands on the hill just back of Sing Sing prison. She is attended by two matrons, one cook, three guards and a gardener. For this the State is put to an expense of \$80 a month. The reason for this strange state of affairs is that there are no provisions at Sing Sing for the accommodation of women prisoners. So this woman at present with her retinue of servants and guards is occupying a fourteen room house which has been silently overlooking the Hudson for three-quarters of a century. Apparently her surroundings appeal to her for in spite of the fact that she is the rose from a bet made by a man named Greenburg, who claimed to be the champion eater, against a man

language and has taken up needlework as well. Just how long the State will be put to the expense of this woman is to be seen, as the case in question has been appealed. Whatever rather remarkable entertainment the outcome of the appeal it seems evident that the \$800-a-month guest will occupy her mansion for some time to come.

That England and various European countries are preparing for a desperate struggle to wrest the athletic Olympic games to be held in 1916, is evidenced by the arrival here of the all-around champion of Italy for the purpose of engaging an American coach to train the athletes of Italy for the great meet to be held in Berlin. After Hungary, which has engaged the services of a famous American athlete to handle her Olympic team, Italy is the latest in line to come to this country for athletic instruction, and the extent to which foreign countries are preparing so far in advance for the Olympic games by calling upon American athletes as instructors indicates a closer struggle in 1916 than ever before. How far the desire for athletic advancement has gone is indicated by the amount of salary which Italy is willing to pay and by the fact that the proper trainer, when selected, may be signed for a period of six years, thus indicating that Europe is even now planning for the Olympic games of 1920.

SOUTH MAGNOLIA

South Magnolia, July 17.—Mr. and Mrs. Fred Snyder of Footville spent Wednesday with Mrs. W. F. Man. Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Clark and family of Cainville were visitors at T. T. Harper's last Sunday. Mrs. Fred Hagerman was a caller here Wednesday. Miss Ella Harper returned home Sunday after spending a week with relatives in Janesville. Earl Cuple was a business caller here Tuesday.

Care to Have Noiseless Brakes. A brake shoe having a strip of asphaltum let into the surface has been adopted for use on street cars in New York recently. The new brake is said to be practically noiseless, while having good wear-resisting qualities.



GRANDMA SEZE

SATURDAY.

"I sometimes wish that we older folks wuz more like the children an' could find such happiness in a five-cent dish of ice cream."

Today's Edgerton News

Edgerton, Wisconsin, July 15.—The remains of Mrs. Walter White Gleason who died at her home in Columbus early yesterday morning of Bright's disease will be brought here on the evening train and taken to the home of Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Shea. The funeral will take place tomorrow at 2 o'clock at the Congregational church. Besides her parents she leaves a husband, one daughter and one son and two brothers, Clyde White of Canada and Willard Shea of this city.

Mrs. J. J. Leary and daughters Mary and Alice are visiting relatives in Madison over Sunday.

Miss Katherine Barrett is spending a few days in Stoughton with relatives.

Rev. George Barber of Ohio will preach in the M. E. church at 10:30 Sunday morning. Sunday School meets at noon. No further services during the day or week on account of the Chautauqua. There will be no services in the M. E. church at Albion Prairie on Sunday.

Mrs. Mary Casey and granddaughter Miss Mary Casey of Janesville were the guests of Miss Maria Pollard yesterday. In the afternoon Miss Pollard entertained in a genial way a company of elderly ladies in honor of Mrs. Casey. A lovely supper was served at 6 o'clock.

Carlton McCarthy returned yesterday from a few days visit in Janesville.

Miss Grace Stafford who is attending summer school in Whitewater is home for the week end.

The Janesville summer school students are home for the week end. Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Barrett were Stoughton callers yesterday.

Miss Louise Brunner of Madison is a week end visitor here.

Anderson and Herman Co. have had a crew putting up some beautiful signs around the country.

Mrs. H. A. Keenan and two children of Stoughton spent yesterday with relatives here.

Miss Blanche Shumway is home from Plattville after a few days visit with friends there.

A baseball game at the Edgerton baseball park, feeding station will be played Sunday, July 16, beginning at 3:30 P. M. between the Edgerton city team and the Madison "Tenny Parks." The Tenny Parks are the fastest semi-professional team in Madison and have not lost a game this year. Edgerton will present its strongest lineup, and go into the game prepared to give the city boys a run for their money.

Miss Etta Lindqvist is home after visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Nelson at Hillsdale for the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Earle spent yesterday in Janesville.

You're Bilious and Costive! Sick Headache, Bad Breath, Sour Stomach, Furred Tongue and Indigestion, Mean Liver and Bowels clogged. Clean up tonight. Get a bottle of Dr. King's New Life Pills today and empty the stomach and bowels of fermenting, gassy foods and waste. A full bowel movement gives a satisfied, thankful feeling—makes you feel fine. Effective, yet mild. Don't gripe. 25c. at your Druggist.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve for Burns.

Evansville News

Evansville, July 15.—The premium lists for the big Rock county fair are on the press and will be ready for distribution the fore part of next week. The requests for premium lists from parties throughout the state have been numerous than ever before.

Entries for the early closing track events have been very satisfactory to the management as there were seven entries in the three-year-old pace and eleven entries in the three-year-old trot. This is a hard class to fill, but these entries assure good races. Entries to the late closing track events close August eighth. \$3,300 in purses will be paid to the eight winners in this class.

Secretary Gillman has ordered the tickets for this year, a new system being used. Advertising matter has been ordered also and plans are being made for a thorough advertising campaign which will give the Rock county fair a share of the publicity she deserves.

The opening number of the Chautauqua program was given this afternoon by the Harmony Concert company, which is made up of four versatile musicians, every one of which is an expert on whatever he or she attempts to play. This evening's program will also be given by the same company. Tomorrow morning will be a union church service at 10:30 a. m. in the M. E. church at Albion Prairie. At 2:30 music by the Norton Chautauqua orchestra will be followed by a lecture at 3:00 o'clock by Dr. Herbert T. Willett, lecturer.

In the evening at 8:00 o'clock music by Norton's Chautauqua orchestra and band.

Monday afternoon's music will be furnished by the same company. Thursday the Evansville Canning company finished canning about forty acres of sweet garden peas. Previous to this they canned about one hundred and twenty acres of field peas, which netted the farmers an average of about fifty dollars an acre. The factory put up in all about four hundred and twenty-five thousand cans of peas, which are unusually good this year. They expect to start shipping next week. In six weeks work will be begun on the corn, of which there is about fifty acres.

There will be no church services in any of the churches, but a union church service will be held at 10:30 in the big chautauqua tent in the park. It has been the custom in previous years. Rev. Randolph Milton will give the morning sermon. Special music has been provided also. Everyone come.

Mrs. John Tupper and daughter of Elvira, Ohio, arrived Thursday evening for an indefinite visit with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Tupper and other local relatives.

Miss Marjorie Spencer of Janesville is spending the week end at her parental home.

R. M. Richmond was a Janesville business caller yesterday.

Alfred Summers of Janesville, called on local friends yesterday.

Mrs. E. H. Green and daughter, Mrs. J. Quincy Ames of Lake Keosauqua, were visitors at the N. T. Shauson home yesterday.

Mrs. John Schafer of Stoughton is visiting local friends this week.

Mrs. W. L. Dixon of Center was a recent local visitor.

Miss Doris Gordon of Lodi will spend Sunday with Dr. C. M. Spith and family.

James Partridge of Minnesota is visiting local relatives.

Paul Gray has resigned his position in the Farmers and Merchants' bank here.

Clyde Greatsinger of Janesville called on local friends yesterday. Mrs. Edna Pierce of Brooklyn spent yesterday with her daughter, Mrs. Harry Curless of this city. Miss Hazel Bourbeau of Janesville spent the week-end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. Bourbeau. H. J. Seburg of Waraboo is the new I. C. S. representative in this city. His predecessor, L. D. Martin, has gone to Beloit, where he was assigned other territory.

Miss Bernadine Gillman of Janesville is spending the week-end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Nay Gillman.

Miss Evalyn Spencer of Beaver Dam is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Spencer.

Miss Lucile Johnson of Janesville is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fredus Johnson, over Sunday.

Harley Smith, business manager of Stout Institute, Menomonie, arrived yesterday for a visit with his father, W. Smith of this city.

Miss Vera Dowes of Janesville is visiting over Sunday in town.

E. H. E. Fiedler, W. Allen and Elmore Bourbeau motored to Stoughton last night in the interest of the fair.

Henry Evans, who is assisting Earl Allen on the farm, slipped yesterday, stabbing himself badly with a pitchfork.

Ed. Richards of Brooklyn was a visitor here yesterday.

Has Your Child Worms? Most children do. A Coated, Furred Tongue; Strong Breath; Stomach Pains; Cries under Eyes; Pale, Sallow Complexion; Nervous, Fretful; Grinding of Teeth; Tossing in Sleep; Peculiar Dreams—any one of these indicate Child has Worms. Get a box of Kickapoo Worm Killer at once. It kills the Worms—the cause of your child's condition. Is Laxative and aids Nature to expel the Worms. Supplied in candy form. Easy for children to take. 25c., at your Druggist.

Rather Strong Evidence. "Come, corporal," said the colonel, "say definitely what you mean. Was the prisoner drunk or wasn't he?" "I wasn't 'imself, sir. He was under the influence of drink. When I saw him he'd been washing his face in a puddle and was trying to wipe it on a wire doormat, cursin' the holes in the towel!"

It is surprising how quickly you can create capital when you go about it in the proper way and with determination.

A regular system of saving, together with the 4% interest we pay, will increase your account rapidly.

THE BANK OF EVANSVILLE
Evansville, Wis.
Founded 1870.
GEO. L. PULLEN, Pres.

To Get Summer Business

Consult the Gazette Service Bureau who have plans, ways and means to get summer business for you. Just telephone the

ADVERTISING MANAGER
77-2 rings

Janesville Merchants Combined Clearance
Sale Continues Until Saturday,
July 25th.

J.M. BOSTWICK & SONS.

Amazing Price Reductions.
Read The Many Bargains Below.

The Most Drastic Cleanup of Suits and Coats

That Has Ever Been Known. Our Entire Stock of Women's and Misses' Spring Suits and Coats Silk or Wool Go On Sale.

Take Your Choice At

\$4.95

We say without any degree of hesitation that you have never before and probably never will again see such values as you will see here at this apparel sale.

It will be hard for any woman not to loose her head completely in the midst of all these showers of Coats and Suits, when she realizes that they are to be sold at only

\$4.95

Don't Delay Come at Once

An Extraordinary Sale of Silk Dresses, Wool Dresses, Colored Wash Dresses, and White Lingerie Dresses

In our new Third Floor Dress Department. Come while the selection is choicest.

Stunning dresses in all the newest fabrics, weaves and colors.

No matter how great values you have obtained heretofore, you cannot fully conceive the unusual values offered here until you see these Dresses.

AT \$1.49 Wash Dresses in White and Colored, Pique Ratine, Linen, Gingham, also Swiss, Mull, etc. Values up to \$4.00, at \$1.49

AT \$1.98 Wash Dresses, Colored and White in Linen, Pique, Lingerie, Crepe, Voile, etc. Values up to \$8.00, at \$1.98

AT \$2.49 Silk Dresses, Wool Dresses and Wash Dresses, wonderful assortment to choose from. Values up to \$12.00, at \$2.49

AT \$3.98 Silk Dresses, White and Colored Wash Dresses. You are sure to find what you want in this assortment. Values up to \$15.00, at \$3.98



WOMAN'S PAGE

The Evening Chit-Chat

BY RUTH CAMERON

USELESS CRITICISM.

MOLLY, the little Stenographer Lady, had been freeing her mind to the lady-who-always-knows-something. Molly belongs to a club of business women. At its last meeting this organization made a choice of president of which Molly disapproved. "It's not that I dislike her personally," said she, "but I don't think she's the woman to represent us. She is very fine looking but she is one of those people who talk a lot without saying anything."

"Molly," said the lady-who-always-knows-something, "it's all right for you to say that to me. But don't go about saying it to other people."

"Why?" asked Molly. "It's perfectly true."

"Yes, but what good will it do to say it? The thing is done. Your criticism can't help now but it may get back to her and hurt her and antagonize her. Besides, it might make people think you were jealous."

"Big sister," broke in Molly, "As if I'd ever think that. I know that, but other people might not understand it. You run the risk of being misunderstood and you gain nothing. It really doesn't pay."

"What do you think of the lady's advice? It seems to me that it's decidedly sound."

"What do we ever gain by talking other people down?"

Nothing.

And what harm do we do? Well, as the lady says, our criticism is very likely to reach ears for which it was not intended. Again we run the risk of being thought jealous. Or, if there is no chance for an improvement of jealousy, of being thought to assume superiority. We may not really feel superior but that is the impression we are sure to give.

Let me tell you of a lesson I once had which ought to last me a lifetime. An organization to which I belonged was sending a delegate to a large conference. Like Molly, I disapproved of the choice, not on personal grounds but because I thought a poor representative had been chosen. I said as much to another member of the organization. "It's too bad you don't approve of her," she retorted, "Why didn't you offer your services to the committee?"

In a flash I saw how my criticism must impress others. I can honestly say that the thought of myself for the place had never occurred to me, but I know I could not convince that woman of the fact. I think that lesson will last me a lifetime. I do not love my teacher, very far from it. But I thank her for the lesson.

Of course it is not just that we cannot criticize without being accused of assuming superiority. A literary critic once said when told that he could not write half as well as the man he was finding fault with, and hence had no right to pick flaws. "Not at all. Does a man have to be able to lay an egg in order to tell a good egg from a bad one?"

But whether the feeling against the self-elected critic of others is just or not, it is certainly very real, very powerful, and very good to avoid. Remember, all things which are right are not expedient. Besides, inasmuch as you stand a big chance of hurting someone's feelings by such criticism and a very small chance of helping anyone, I do not think it is even right.

Heart and Home Problems.

Dear Mrs. Thompson. (1) Please tell me how to clean a white milan straw hat?

(2) Will you also give me a simple recipe for bread and coffee cake (the German coffee cake made with yeast). My bread and coffee cake are always so coarse. I have tried different ways of making it and it seems not to improve. It is so coarse and not very light.

(3) If children take salt beads in their mouth is there any danger?

A READER. (1) Make a paste of lemon juice and powdered sulphur. Apply this to the hat with a stiff brush (tooth brush will do). Cover every part of the hat, let dry, then brush out the sulphur. If any parts of the hat still seem soiled, put a little persin on a cloth and rub the spot with that, then wipe spot with a clean cloth dipped in cold water. Soak the crown of the hat while it is drying, so it will keep its shape.

(2) White Bread—This recipe was given me by a woman who always won prizes for her bread at her home every fair.

The rising before you bake boil the potatoes. When done, mash well and add water in which they were boiled with enough clear water to make two-thirds gallon. When this is cool add one teaspoonful salt, three teaspoonsful sugar and one cake yeast dissolved in a little warm water. Next morning set aside one pint of this mixture to be added to your yeast for the next baking. Instead of the rest of the liquid, add flour until you have a nice dough.

Dear Mrs. Thompson: Kindly tell me of some way to reduce my arms. Thank you.

SUSIE A. This is truly a new request. Usually my readers want to know how to enlarge their arms. A pump arm is much prettier than a thin one. I know of no way of reducing the arms without reducing the whole body. Very violent exercise might reduce the fatty tissue, but would enlarge and harden the muscles. Try reducing your diet all around and taking exercise that will make you perspire freely.

Dear Mrs. Thompson: (1) How would you dirt with a boy that you had never seen before?

(2) Is it right for two girls to go downtown with two boys?

(3) Is it right for girls to dance the tango?

(4) If a boy gets mad at you and you like him and hate to lose his friendship, who should speak first and what would you say?

(5) Are Panama hats going to be worn this summer? ROSEBUD

(1) I wouldn't do it, my dear, so I have no advice to give.

(2) It isn't always best. If the girls go on an errand for their mothers and return promptly, it will be all right for the boys to accompany them, but otherwise an older responsible person should be with them.

(3) It isn't a very mannerly dance and it is going out of fashion. The dance masters have voted against the tango and other parts that are unmannerly.

(4) If he gets mad without any good reason let him stay mad until he feels better. You might ask him what the trouble is, but don't be too anxious to make up.

(5) Yes.

His Economical Mind.

Mr. Summerman—"Is it true that since coming up here you've engaged yourself to Billy, Harry, Ed and George, as well as to myself?" Miss Sweetman—"What if it is?" Mr. Summerman—"Then I'd like to know if you have any objection to all of us chipping in to buy the engagement ring?"

LESSONS IN DOMESTIC SCIENCE

Prepared by the AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT WASHINGTON D. C.

MEAT SUBSTITUTES.

Every housekeeper is anxious to avoid a monotonous and extravagant diet for her family. She knows that meat is important in supplying them with the protein necessary for the repair and growth of their bodies and with fat contributes its share of energy for muscular work as well as work within the body. Perhaps, however, she is missing an opportunity for variety and economy in relying too little on the other foodstuffs which will supply the necessary protein.

Poultry and fish are the most obvious substitutes for meat. Of the various kinds of poultry, chicken is by far the most common, and in many parts of the country, especially on farms, they can be so easily and cheaply produced that they should be used liberally on the table. Turkeys, ducks and geese are more difficult to raise, while other varieties as capons, squabs, guinea fowls, pheasants and quail are used more as luxuries.

It is well not to feed the fowl for 12 hours before it is killed, thus rendering the crop and internal organs as free as possible from undesirable matter. A knife not more than two inches long, one-quarter inch wide, with a thin, flat handle, a sharp point and a straight cutting edge is better than the old fashioned axe. The bird should be grasped by the bony part of the skull, care being taken not to touch the neck with the fingers, and a small cut made on the right side of the roof of the mouth, just where the bones of the skull end. It is then hung up, head down, to allow the blood to run out from the body. Immediately after the bird is dead and before the animal heat has left the body the feathers should be plucked out, dry plucking being much superior to the common method of plucking the fowl into boiling water. By thrusting the knife through the groove which runs along the middle line of the roof of the mouth until it touches the skull midway between the eyes, the feather muscles are paralyzed, and the feathers may be readily pulled out without resorting to the unpleasant process of scalding. Unless the bird is to be cooked at once it should be hung up for twelve hours or more, in a cool place, before being used.

The methods of cooking poultry are in general the same as those for other kinds of meat. Boiling, roasting and broiling are employed when the meat alone is to be used, and stewing when the juices are to be extracted, as for broth. In making fried chicken, a very popular dish, care must be taken that the fat in which it is fried does not soak through the meat, as it will unless sufficiently hot; it is also important to avoid burning the fat. Young and tender poultry is better adapted for roasting, broiling and frying, while old tough fowls may be made tender by long boiling and stewing. Poultry dishes, supplemented by stuffing and gravy, as well as chicken pies and croquettes, are generally liked.

The theory that poultry is more nutritious and digestible than other meats, and the light meat than the dark, owes its existence to the fact that protein is more easily and thoroughly digested than fat, and poultry has a higher percentage of protein and a smaller percentage of fat than meat from the animals ordinarily used as food. Light meat also contains less fat than the dark meat of poultry. The difference in digestibility is, however, unimportant for the average person, and the difference in the nutritive value of light and dark meat is too small to affect any save possibly the very weakest digestions. Whether or not it is actually more readily digested, the meat of poultry, especially of the white-fleshed varieties, is so delicate and appetizing that it often has for convalescents and invalids a value far beyond its cost.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Daily Thought.

Life means not submission to but mastery of environment.—Abdon-el-Mastaki.

Whittemore's Shoe Polishes

FINEST QUALITY LARGEST VARIETY

WHITTEMORE'S GILT EDGE DRESSING FOR BLACK SHOES SOFTENS PRESERVES LEATHER RESTORES COLOR LUSTRE

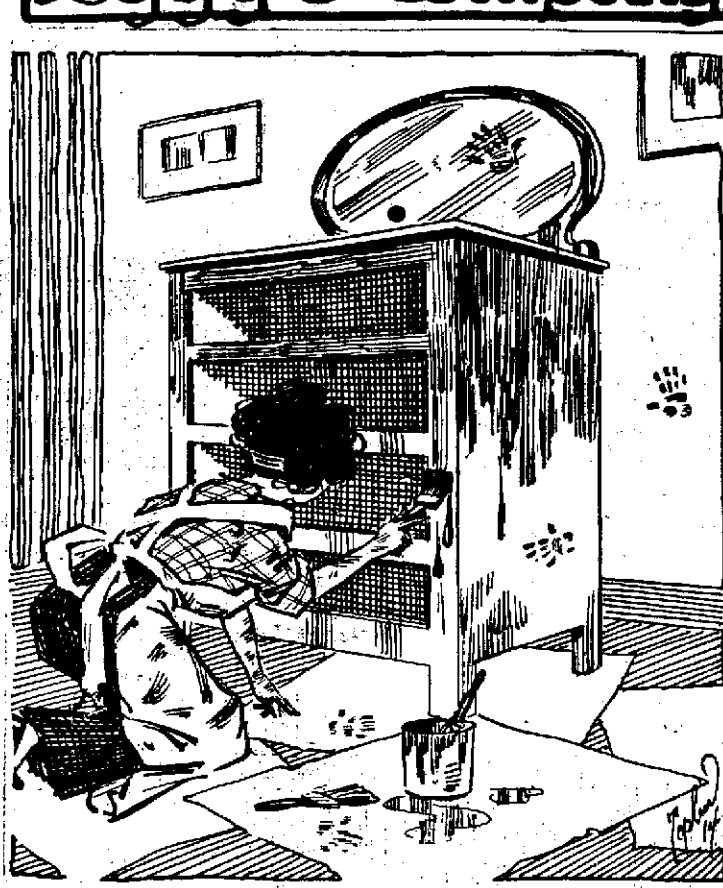
QUICK WHITE POLISH FOR WHITE SHOES RESTORES COLOR LUSTRE

"GILT EDGE," the only ladies' shoe dressing that restores color and lustre to black shoes, 25c. "TAN" size, 10c. "QUICK WHITE" (in liquid form with sponge) quickly cleans and whitens dirty canvas shoes. 10c. & 25c. "ALBO" cleans and whitens BUCK, HUSKIE, SUEDE, and CANVAS SHOES. To remove white cakes packed in shoe boxes, with sponge, 10c. In hand-size, large aluminum boxes, with sponge, 25c.

If you desire to keep the kind you want, send us the price in stamps for full size package. Delivery within 24 hours.

WHITTEMORE BROS. & CO., 20-22 Albany Street, Cambridge, Mass. The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of Shoe Polishes in the World.

Peggy & Company



The Lure of Magazine Suggestion Gets in Its Work in This Chapter.

There is a type of magazine article that should be carefully withheld from the hands of the highly credulous. It appears most often in the household magazines and its writer never fails to romance in this cheery vein:

"I find that I can make a lovely bedroom easy chair out of an old barrel and three yards of pale blue schrim."

An itemized table follows showing that the thing can be possibly cost more than eighty-five cents. The author and heartaches that have been kindled by such fictions as these! We are coming to you now.

Peggy inspired by reading one of the foregoing, is determined to furnish her room. Were she content with rearranging the furniture aloe, or hanging some new curtains, there would be less work to do. But as she flutters the pages of the magazine, her eyes fall upon what, as it afterward proves, only contributes further to her grief.

It is a picture of a lady in an ad. who smiling pleasantly at the reader as she kneels, applies with the greatest possible ease a shining coat of paint to an old chair. It is clear at a glance that painting furniture is a charming diversion. And a second glance shows that it can be managed without the slightest untidiness or discomfort. Urged, it is not surprising that Peggy sets to her task with a song on her lips and a pleasant mental picture of her room after she has finished.

The rest of the folks are away for the day and she is able to proceed unhampered. For a moment she deliberates, thinking perhaps it would be well to put on an old middie and skirt. But the lady in the picture did so well in a fresh shirtwaist that Peggy is sure that a change of clothes will be unnecessary.

Enthusiasm, that divine fire of the soul, is the most stirring of emotions. Unrestrained with a little judgment and discretion, however, it often carries us into an excess of activity that defeats its own purpose. Consider Peggy with her painting. She has set about it in a most enthusiastic manner. So much so indeed that as she pauses to view her partially completed task she begins to feel a shadowy distrust of the plausibly worded magazine ads.

The pale blue paint that now covers the front of her dress has an adhesive consistency that is very unpleasant in spite of the reassuring smile on the lady in the ad. And Peggy has applied it so generously that it drips at several corners and shows a determination to spread to everything in sight. The dresser, the paint and all begin to affect our heroine with deep annoyance until at last, fretted beyond endurance, she gives the thing a last vicious swab and with a parting dab at the lady in the ad, she hurries away to engage herself henceforth in purely feminine pursuits. (Continued.)

Every Day Talks To Every Day People

(BY FRANCES JOYCE KENNEDY.)

"My husband," writes a reader of this paper, "is very unkind to me. He never notices the house or commands anything I do. We have two little children, both babies. I work all day just as well as he does. When pay day arrives and he gives me the money to keep our place going I always thank him and tell him I appreciate the fact that he is steady and can't do any more. I will be as careful of the money as I possibly can. He likes this little bit of praise. He does. Yet in return he never says a word of commendation to me. Am I foolish to mind? To be honest, it hurts and hurts and hurts. I am so thinking that what I do is of no consequence; that ends up in a good cry and a ripping headache. Can anyone say anything on this subject, or is a wife just supposed to keep on working and keep her mouth shut?"

We gather from the letter, that is much longer than the ordinary letter, that this woman's husband does not drink; that he works every day. In short, it is about as steady as the kitchen clock. There is always more than one view to take of any question. As we circle a pole new scenes arise on every side. It would be difficult (and very unwise) to try to state to this particular reader just what course to pursue, but the happiest married women in the world are the ones who decline to notice the clay feet on their idol. It never pays; you just have to keep right on telling yourself that the very best sample of masculinity in the world is paying the freight for you and your babies along life's highway. He may be prosaic while your poetic soul wings its flight into realms that he could not enter. If he were congenial in this respect he might forget to get up in the morning and hustle out and earn the beefsteak. While this may sound disillusioning, if he quits his job and devotes his time to telling you what a fine housekeeper you were; how well you raised the children; and brushed up on all the splendid ideas left behind by the poets of the New England states, you might not fare as well as you do now.

If his pay envelope were not a steady visitor to your home each Saturday night, do you think you could raise your babies so well? Could you have the money to go to town whenever you saw fit and buy cloth for some new gowns for the babies? Granted that you are a dandy little seamstress, you could not make the clothes if you did not have the money to buy the material. Who furnishes the money? Who pays the rent, the butcher, grocer, water, gas, and all other bills that are presented to the average family? What would you and your two babies do if your husband were called today to pay his debt to nature? Ever put in any time on that question? Ever try to look at life from a man's point of view?

Maybe your husband is so blamed

bashful. Papa.

"A man is never successful until he is able to borrow money. If he can borrow it and escape paying it back, he is more than successful. Father has been very successful; he is also very bashful. Why, he's so bashful when he borrows money he can't get up enough nerve to ask a man to take it back."—Exchange.

Household Hints

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

A little vinegar placed in the rinsing water on wash day will prevent the hands from becoming rough and chapped.

To clean brass flower pots or trays rub them with a piece of lemon; then pour boiling water over them, and finally polish with a soft dry cloth.

When boiled and unboiled eggs get mixed, spin them, and the boiled ones will spin around quite fast, while those which have not been cooked will hardly spin around once.

To soften fruit rubbers, put ammonia in warm water and let stand until soft.

THE TABLE.

Beets With Sour Sauce—Wash tender young beets, cook until tender. Plunge into cold water and the skins will slip off easily. Cut in cubes. Heat two tablespoons of butter with two even tablespoons of vinegar, blend until there are no lumps. Add one teaspoon of sugar, one-half teaspoon of salt, one-half cup of vinegar and one-half cup of cream, boil up and turn over beets, and serve.

Ginger Pound Cakes—Cream one-half pound of butter and add gradually one-half pound of sugar, continuing the beating. Add three-fourths pound of flour mixed and sifted with two teaspoons of baking powder until

thick and lemon-colored; then add one-half pound of Canton ginger cut in small pieces. Bake in small buttered and floured individual cake pans in a slow oven. Cover with white mountain cream. White Mountain Cream: One cup of sugar, one-third cup of boiling water, white of one egg, one teaspoon of vanilla or one cup of whipping cream. Put the sugar and water in a saucepan and stir to prevent the sugar from adhering to the sauce pan; heat gradually to the boiling point and boil without stirring until the syrup will thread when dropped from the tip of a spoon or lines of a silver fork. Pour the syrup gradually on the beaten white of the egg, beating the mixture constantly and continuing beating until of the right consistency to spread; then add the flavoring and pour over the cakes, spreading evenly with the back of a spoon. If not beaten long enough the frosting will run; if beaten too long it will not be smooth. Frosting beaten too long may be improved by adding a few drops of lemon juice of boiling water.

Brandy Sauce—One-quarter cup of butter, one cup of powdered sugar, two tablespoonsful of brandy, yolk of two eggs, whites of two eggs, one-half cup of milk or cream. Cream the butter, add the sugar gradually, then the brandy very slowly, well beaten yolks, and milk or cream. Cook over hot water until it thickens as a custard, pour on to the beaten whites.



Your Dresses At The Summer Hotel

If there's a time or place where milady is particular about her appearance, it is at the summer hotel.

If there is any cleaning service on earth that will keep garments daintily clean and fresh it is

FAULTLESS DRY CLEANING

Send every soiled dress to us before you go—if your stay be long express them to us when they grow soiled. You'll then be absolutely certain of perfect cleaning.

Janesville Chemical Steam Dye Works

C. F. BROCKHAUS & SON, Props. Opposite Myers House.



The Bell telephone binds cities and states together in close relationship. All are neighbors in the Bell System.

Janesville is a next-door neighbor to Milwaukee, Superior and every other city in Wisconsin and the United States.

The Bell telephone strengthens the community spirit of cities and states. You are always in close touch with the affairs of your city, state and nation when you have a Bell Telephone.

Wisconsin Telephone Company

W. N. Cash, District Manager

301 East Milwaukee St.

Tel. No. 1507

PROTECT YOUR COMPLEXION

Every woman who spends her summer at the seashore, in the mountains or at some other interesting place should take with her a few tubes of

GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM

It improves and beautifies her skin and protects her from the burning sun, blowing winds, and damp night air.

The surest guarantee of its value is the fact that it has been used for nearly three-quarters of a century.

It cannot be overpraised for the relief it affords from pimples, freckles, and other blemishes of the complexion.

At Druggists and Department Stores.

FEOD. T. HOPKINS & SON, Props. 37 Great Jones Street NEW YORK

By

D. W. WATT

Both Phones 141.



DOINGS OF THE VAN LOONS—Leave It to Angeline to Put On the Finishing Touch.

By F. LEIPZIGER

WAS MISERABLE COULDN'T STAND

Testifies She Was Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Lackawanna, N. Y.—"After my first child was born I felt very miserable and could not stand on my feet. My sister-in-law wished me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and my nerves became firm, appetite good, step elastic, and I lost that weak, tired feeling. That was six years ago and I have had three fine healthy children since. For female troubles I always take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it works like a charm. I do all my own work."—Mrs. A. F. KREMER, 1574 Electric Avenue, Lackawanna, N. Y.

The success of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, is unparalleled. It may be used with perfect confidence by women who suffer from displacements, inflammation, ulceration, tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the standard remedy for female ills.

Women who suffer from those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should be convinced of the ability of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to restore their health by the many genuine and truthful testimonials we are constantly publishing in the newspapers.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

---AND HE DID

I'VE BEEN ASKED TO UMPIRE AN AMATEUR BALL GAME TODAY. I'LL SHOW 'EM SOME CLASS



WHY IT SUCCEEDS

Because It's For One Thing Only, and Janesville People Appreciate This.

Nothing can be good for everything. Doing one thing well brings success.

Doan's Kidney Pills are for one thing only.

For weak or disordered kidneys. Here is Janesville evidence to prove their worth.

Mrs. Otto Bork, 629 S. Main St., Janesville, says: "Every once in a while I suffered from attacks of backache. It hurt me to lift anything and I had headaches and nervous spells. I heard people speak so highly of Doan's Kidney Pills that I decided to take them. They did me a great deal of good. The nervous spells left me and I was rid of the backache and pains through my joints. Doan's Kidney Pills gave such good results in my case that I strongly recommend them."

Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Bork had. Foster-McBurn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

ALONE IN THE WILDERNESS

By JOSEPH KNOWLES

Copyright, 1913, by Small, Maynard & Co.

I didn't wish to harm that old doe across the lake, but at the same time I realized that her skin would have been a godsend to me just then.

As it was, I waved my hand toward her, shouting, "Go ahead, old girl! I'll get along some way." Then I turned my steps toward a beaver dam and left the old doe standing there alone.

I watched the beavers at work, and later, after I had started a fire, I sketched a rude picture of one of them on a piece of birch bark, using a charred stick as a crayon.

The rest of this day was uneventful. I hadn't got my balance yet. My thoughts were still confused. As yet I did not feel any hunger, so made no efforts to get food, though I hadn't eaten anything since breakfast at the King and Bartlett camps.

I simply wandered around, not caring where I went. Because of the cold and rain I started back early along the trail for the spruce thicket, where I had spent the night before.

The second night was a repetition of the first, spent in alternately walking back and forth and resting. I didn't suffer terribly, but it was not altogether comfortable out there without any clothes.

With the morning came the sunshine. As I came out into the clearing the sun felt good on my body.

I hunted round till I found a partly shaded spot in among the trees. I needed sleep more than anything else just then, so I lay down and in the warmth of the morning sun forgot everything for a couple of hours.

When I awoke I felt the pangs of hunger for the first time.

I crossed over the beaver dam and followed down the outlet of the pond, keeping my eyes open for shallow pools, where, perhaps, I might land some trout.

I was headed for the burnt lands in search of my first food. I knew that I should be able to find berries there in abundance.

The burnt lands are those parts of the forest which have been swept by fire. The land is open and full of charred tree trunks here and there. Blueberries can always be found in such land.

On I went until I reached Little Spencer, on the other side of which lay the burnt lands.

I came upon bush after bush loaded with blueberries and raspberries. I gathered a handful and ate them.

After I had eaten my fill I headed for the thicker woods, where, with the help of sharp stones, I peeled some birch bark from the trees. Folding the bark into cornucopias and pinning the overlaps with split sticks, I soon had two berry dishes. These I took back to the berry patch and filled to overflowing, storing away the food for

future need.

Once more I headed toward Little Spencer, but this time I followed the outlet, earnestly hoping to land a trout. At last I came to a shallow pool, in which I managed to round up a couple of trout.

The fish had come up stream seeking the cooler waters of the spring hole, and I simply shut the hole in from the stream by lowering the water. With a little patience I dispatched the trout with a stick.

I was still pretty much in the open of the burnt lands, and the sun was already beginning to burn my tender back and shoulders. I knew that I must use my body gradually or else I would suffer a great deal of pain and inconvenience. So I left the open for the shaded timber land, where I lay down and soon fell fast asleep. When I awoke it was late in the afternoon.

My first thought was of a fire and shelter for the night. A short distance away from where I had slept I found a spring. Here was the place for a camp so I started in at once making plans for my first home.

To begin with, I commenced to build some kind of shelter which would keep the wind away from me more or less.

I hunted around for some croch sticks, and after finding two I drove them into the ground wide apart. Next I placed a stick across the croches and had my framework. Two more dead sticks were placed slanting to the ground at either end, and then I began to gather quantities of dry sticks, with which I made a crude, slanting roof.

Over these sticks I placed fir boughs and bark. More fir boughs were stacked up against the sides, which were also barked with moss to keep the wind from whistling through. The front of this shelter was open.

During the day the wind had dried things quite a bit, so I began at once to try to make a fire that would burn. This time I found some punk in a crevice of a tree, which was dry.

I began sawing back and forth for dear life and soon my efforts were rewarded by a thread of smoke which rose from under my spindle. As soon as I thought the spark was there I snatched up the base and blew it toward the punk which I held in my other hand. Presently I saw a spark on the punk and nursed it carefully. Then with a little puff it burst into flame. This I applied to a little heap of other bark and punk and sticks, which I had all ready, and soon I had my fire. It was merry—that fire—just like a companion.

It was time to eat, so I ate most of the berries I had brought in my cornucopias from the burnt lands.

This simple meal was ample for me that night, especially with the prospect of fresh roast fish in the morning.

Just before settling down for the night I took the two trout I had caught and put them in the spring to keep them cool. It was the only refrigerator I had.

Then I went back and made up my bed. A man who doesn't know the woods would be surprised to learn what a really comfortable bed can be made by first putting down fir boughs and then covering them with dry leaves.

What a great comfort that fire was! I heaped it high with wood when I first lay down to rest and, with an occasional replenishing, managed to pass a comparatively comfortable night.

Even in the morning the coals remained, and I soon had it burning. It was another fair day.

"Now for a breakfast of trout," I said as I headed for the spring down the slope about fifty feet away. But when I got there what was my consternation to find that the fish were gone! Fresh milk tracks all about told their own story. I had been robbed by some one else who was hungry!

Anyway, the spring was left, so I lay down and took a drink. Then I went back to my lean-to and ate the few remaining berries.

I decided to explore some more, so, after banking my fire, I started off in the direction of the burnt lands again. On the bank of the stream I found a few roots which were nourishing. They tasted something like celery, but I didn't like them. I went on to the burnt lands and finished up my breakfast with another course of blubberies.

There was one thing that had to be attended to at once, and that was to make some sort of covering for my legs. They were horribly scratched.

Some witch grass growing by the stream gave me an idea. I pulled up several handfuls, which I bound on to my legs, tying it around with pieces of the toughest grass.

I mourned the trout I had lost for breakfast and determined to catch another, which shouldn't get away from me. I hunted everywhere for a shallow pool like the one I had found the day before, but met with no success.

Just as I was despairing about finding a fish in that vicinity I heard a splash in the water up stream. An otter was swimming for the shore, and in its mouth was a big trout!

I shouted at the top of my voice, at the same time hurling a stone into the water. I laughed as I saw the trout come floating down the stream, belly up. The otter had disappeared.

By robbing the otter I got square with the milk. I reached camp and roasted the trout. I can't say I enjoyed that meal. It tasted flat without salt. However, I felt the nourishment of it later. I needed it after my simple berry diet.

After the repast I sat looking into the fire and thinking. I finally decided to abandon the camp and strike out for a better section.

The idea of going out of the forest had left me. I began to go about things as if I were a part of the forest itself.

Stamping out the smoldering embers and taking my fire apparatus with me, I struck off in the direction of Big Spencer stream.

CHAPTER III.

My First Adventure.

SO far my life in the wilderness had been very commonplace. I felt in the best of health. I had had no adventures, though unknown adventures were in store for me and they were to come quickly.

One late afternoon some time after my arrival at Big Spencer stream, I returned to the burnt lands to gather berries. On the way I stood on a slight elevation, looking down into a small gully. From somewhere afar came the sound of a rifle shot, which brought back to me the thought of human beings, but I did not dwell upon it.

I worked overtime picking berries and soon gathered two birch bark dishes full.

The light was beginning to fade, so I made up my mind it was time to start for my camp, which was some distance away. Just as I was stepping over a charred, fallen trunk I heard a crash in the bushes behind me.

Whirling sharply about, I saw, down in the gully below, a deer come tearing through the brush with two bears at her heels. The deer was evidently wounded, as she would stagger and

fall, then get to her feet again and dash along.

The two bears looked like galloping balls of fur. They would almost reach the deer when she would fall, but she always managed to scramble to her feet in time to keep just out of their reach.

Instinctively I wanted to go to the aid of the deer, but better reasoning held me back. Even in the presence of death I experienced a bit of joy, for I knew the bears would eventually get the deer.

The battle for life had carried the deer and her pursuers well out into the burnt lands. I stood close by, watching every move. I could see that the deer was weakening. Suddenly one of the black fur bodies hurled itself on to the frail creature. A bear never seemed so powerful to me before.

Here I made my first mistake. I had been so glad that I might be able to get a deer skin without breaking the game laws of the state that I did not stop to figure that by waiting I might also get a bearskin. I didn't take into consideration that when once the deer was overcome the two bears would fight it out between themselves as to the possession. I should have reasoned that they would fight, as they did.

Scarcely had the deer ceased her pitiful struggles when one of the bears slew at the other. Had they been allowed to continue one would surely have killed the other in that mixup. But I was so excited I ran down into the gully, across the open space toward the scene of battle. The bears saw me at once, for in less than a second they were streaking for the cover of the woods, leaving their prey behind.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Plainly Evident.

The climate of heaven has been determined by two youthful philosophers. Said a little boy to his sister: "It doesn't ever rain in heaven, does it, May?" "In course it does," the girl replied. "That's where it's all a-comin' from, ain't it?"

GOOPS

By GELETT BURGESS



Frederick Clark

The window panes at Mrs. Clark's are smooched with Freddy's finger marks; Upon the glass his nose-prints linger, He draws upon it with his finger; No wonder Mrs. Clark complains Fred is a Goop with window panes!

Don't Be A Goop!

Most Preparations Can't Heal at All!



But they don't brag about it! They're good enough antiseptic washes—prevent infections, perhaps, BUT THEY DO NOTHING MORE!

"DRUCO"

Not only cleanses a hurt antiseptically and better than them all, but it IMMEDIATELY COMMENCES THE HEALING PROCESS! And it doesn't stop till the cure's complete! It does lots of other things, too. Get posted on "Druco!"

25c

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE.

DRUCO DRUG CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

For Sale by RED CROSS PHARMACY, 21 W. Milw. St.

Dinner Stories

The laziest man is reported from a boot and shoe shop. A woman entered his shop one day



and said she wanted to buy a pair of shoes. The lazy man, who was sitting on a box at one end of his establishment, looked at her, yawned wearily, and then said: "I can't wait on you today. Come in some time when I'm standin' up."

They were speaking of force of

habit in the lobby of a hotel the other night, when Charles W. Bryan, brother of Secretary William J. Bryan, told of an incident along that line.

One afternoon two pretty girls rampled up to the platform of a country railroad station. Evidently, from their dress and manner, one of the fairies was going to take the train and the other had come to see her off.

Eventually the train steamed into the little station, but the traveler seemed in no great hurry to get aboard. With watch in hand the conductor waited. Finally he looked toward the fair passenger impatiently. "Madam," said he, "if you are going on this train you must get aboard."

"Just a minute," returned the passenger with a frustrated expression, "I must give my sister a kiss."

"Get aboard, miss," obligingly responded the conductor, "I will attend to that."

Wanted Information.

"I had my fortune told last night."

"Did you? How much is it?"—Detroit Free Press.

Perpetuate That Memory

QUALITY IN MONUMENTS.

Quality predominates here; quality in the workmanship; quality in the designing; quality in the marble and granite; this is a quality Marble Shop. So we say: It's largely to your advantage to come here and look over our stock when you're ready to purchase a monument.

You Know The Quality of Our Work

412 W. MILWAUKEE ST.

Geo. W. Bresee



"HEART SONGS" COUPON

PRESENTED BY THIS PAPER TO YOU

HOW TO GET IT ALMOST FREE

Clip out and present six coupons like the above, bearing consecutive dates, together with our special price of either 78c or 98c for whichever style of binding you prefer. Both books are on display at the

JANESVILLE GAZETTE, JULY 18, 1914.

6 COUPONS AND 98c Secure the \$3.00 Volume

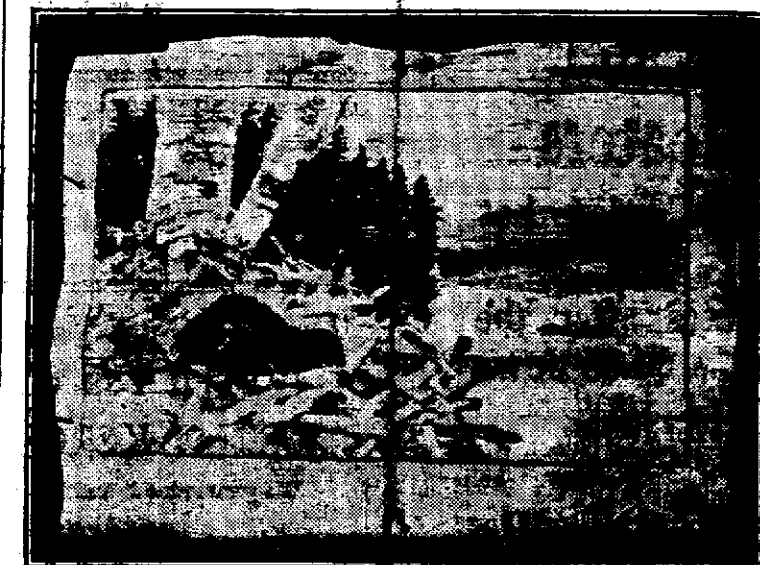
The Genuine Cardinal, Seal Grain, Flexible Binding, Red Edges, Round Corners, with 16 full-page portraits of the world's most famous singers, and complete dictionary of musical terms.

6 COUPONS AND 78c Secure the \$1.50 Volume

Well bound in plain green English Cloth, but without the personal gallery of famous singers

Out-of-town readers will add 10c extra for postage and packing.

"HEART SONGS" The song book with a wealth of the most popular songs of the world in one volume. The perfect collection of songs for the home. Four pages to complete the book. Every song a gem of melody.



DRAWING OF BEAVER AT WORK, MADE ON BIRCH BARK BY JOSEPH KNOWLES IN MAINE WOODS.

Homes of Character

J.M. BOSTWICK & SONS.

Our Great Second Floor

We make homes cozy because it is our business to do so. There exists in the heart of every home-loving woman the desire to have everything properly harmonized and blended thus making the home comfortable and attractive. We know of no other store which so fully comprehends the requirements for artistic decoration of homes of every class or which provides so lavishly the needed materials.

THE BUILDERS EXCHANGE

Here will be found exhibits of the different things that the home builder will find necessary, grouped under one roof, making for easy selection.

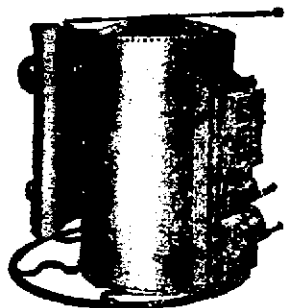
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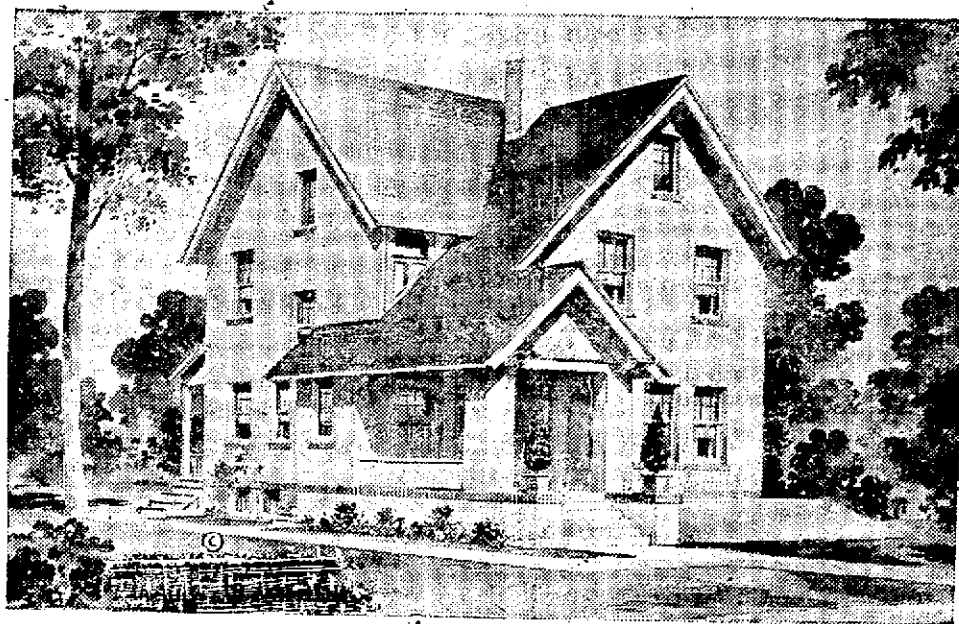
We make a first class line of screens at prices that are right. Let us figure with you.

Fifield Lumber Co.

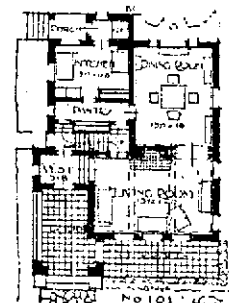
"Dustless Coal." Hardwood Kindling.

Both Phones 109

An English Plaster House—By John Henry Newson "Home of Character" No. 101



This is a type of modern English architecture in mass, detail and color. The outside is plastered over hollow tile or brick and tinted cream white. The window sills and porch steps are of brick set on edge with cement mortar. The large board, eaves and window frames are stained a rich nut brown and the roof is covered with slate. The window sash and muntins are painted white. The terrace and porch are floored with cement marked off in squares to imitate tile and the terrace is surrounded by a low English privet hedge. If necessary to lessen the cost, the exterior may be developed in lap siding.

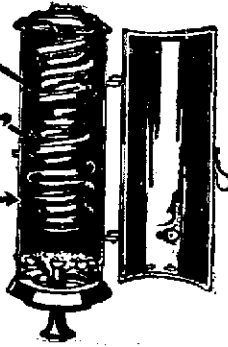


The large living room across the front is exceedingly well lighted and has a fireplace dividing it from the dining room. The stairs lead from the living room to second floor and also in combination from the pantry. The kitchen is amply lighted and well arranged, with the sink placed for best light and the refrigerator set in a separate cold room. The pantry is also well lighted and has a china closet with a lower counter shelf containing flour bin, drawers and cupboard, and a drop work table is placed under the window at one end. It will be noticed that the front door is slightly depressed from the floor level of the house. The second floor contains three good bedrooms with large closets, bathroom, linen closet, a well lighted stair hall and stairway leading to an unfinished attic. Basement under the entire house.

This design should be built as described for about \$4500. In frame the cost should not exceed \$3500. Size 28x33 feet.

If you are thinking of building, let The Gazette Homes of Character Department help you through advice from John Henry Newson. Address your inquiries to him, "Homes of Character" Dept., The Gazette. Give the number of houses concerning which you make inquiry.

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